



The Grail

JUNE, 1931

Mere Gold

ROSE DARHAM

Historic Durward's Glen

JOSEPHINE E. TOAL

A Pilgrimage in Historic St. Augustine

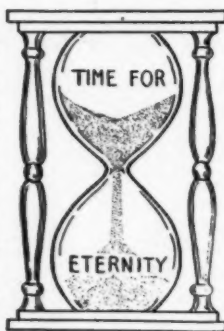
GRACE MCKINSTRY

Marching Words

HARRY W. FLANNERY

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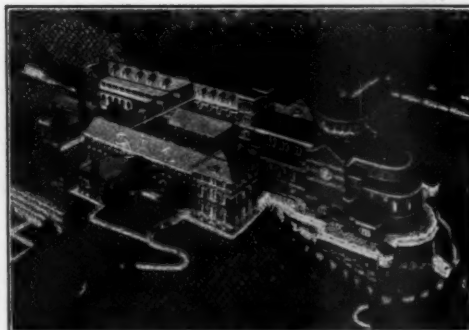
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ST. MEINRAD, IND.

The Grail

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VOLUME 13

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NUMBER 2

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Corpus Christi Vale

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

I know a fountain, throws across a valley
Its silver stream, curved as a scimitar
And broadening out beyond the long-drawn alley
Of poplars that stands guard in distance far.

The sunshine glances there with merry beam
While birds a-twitter flit from side to side;
But the chief blessing of that prattling stream
Is bedded far below,—like treasures hide.

Its waters fresh the thirsting earth do slake,
Giving themselves to vivify the fields,
Where corn and vines a green-gold glory make,
Till the whole vale a generous harvest yield.

See at the waters' brink the wattled cell
Of him who sowed that wheat, tends ripening grapes!
And, close beside, the chapel and the well,
Which clinging ivy ever decks and drapes.

The little church is a cathedral worth,
For it was made of gold (in angel sight),
Since every stone was built up from the earth
With perfect love and trued up straight and right.

Round hermitage and hermit-centred lies
The fruitfulness of all that Eden vale;
Nay, in his hands the very wheat can rise
To heavenly worth, as rings the sacring bell.

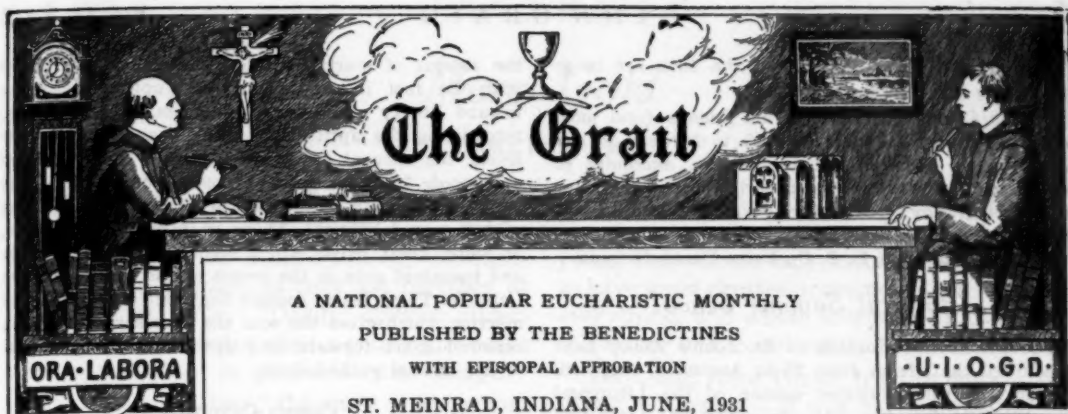
For Christ hath taught his minister to change
Into His Flesh the bread, and into Blood
The flow of wine,—O wonder sweet and strange!—
The very Fruit revived of Calvary's Rood!

With each day's rising sun Christ comes again,
Holds simple court as once at Nazareth;
But on one summer day that little fane
Is decked in glory, candles' blazing wealth.

There come the children from beyond the hill:
The boys with banners, girls with blossoms gay,
Whose treble voices ring out clear and shrill
In hymns of praise on Corpus Christi day.

The whole vale-side reechoes with their song
As the pure Host is borne out o'er the lea;
A benison to all the little throng,
And to the harvest sure prosperity.

For 'tis the Bread that cometh from the Hand
Of God who bade the earth bear fruit and flower;
His love would fill the universal land
And bring all to white harvest in His hour.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

For Better Business

Any man can dream pipe-dreams without a pipe, or build air castles in a vacuum—neither pipe nor air is essential. But there is one great big essential required that a man be acceptable to God, and that essential is faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," says St. Paul. It is true that you have faith. You received it as an infused virtue at baptism; you did not have to work to get it; it came to you as an invaluable legacy from the goodness of God. That is all true enough, but faith is a thing which craves nourishment at intervals. It bears close watching, since it is so easily tarnished, and it must be touched up from time to time to preserve its luster.

Men of business, whether they be their own bosses or work at another man's beck and call, are the very ones whose souls are sometimes allowed to famish and waste away for want of proper spiritual food. The ordinary Sunday sermon is not enough to answer the many needs of a business man's soul. This statement can not be urged too strongly. Business is an absorbing factor in life—this we all know. It very naturally and quite unnoticeably ties up and involves all a man's mental and bodily faculties. It exerts an unrelieved pressure upon his vital energies. If he allows himself a vacation, it is very often the body alone that benefits by it, since the mind is continually travelling over the accustomed routes of the daily grind, and the vacationist is ever harassed with anxiety until he is back at his desk again. All of his personal and domestic affairs are hopelessly bound up in the exciting and brain-racking whirl of transactions and accounts, of expenses and income. How sparse and few between are spiritual thoughts in the minds of such men! One is tempted to exclaim: "God have mercy on the distracted business man's soul!"

You know from experience that you would not rest comfortably if you had not checked up your accounts at the week-end or the month-end. You take it as a self-evident fact that your house needs a new coat of paint every few years. You have your car overhauled when the engine begins to beat a tattoo that grates on

your nerves. If your physical condition is run down, you see a doctor at once. Why then put the matter off when your soul is in question?

This question of satisfying the soul's needs without detriment to business is a burning question, which in recent years has received a satisfactory answer in the case of very many Catholic business men. Its easy solution has been brought about by the ever spreading movement known as the week-end retreat. Usually the retreat lectures begin on Friday evening and the exercise closes on the following Monday morning, so that the only working time completely sacrificed is Saturday forenoon. At these retreats a well balanced schedule is observed, allowing time for prayer, recreation, and intimate talks with the Father in charge. At such a retreat you have a chance to select choicy bits of spiritual reading, to gather information on matters of soul-interest, and also to get acquainted with other sterling Catholic men of business who make the retreat exercises together with you. There is a personal touch about it that will appeal to your human nature. Get interested now! Plan your week-end retreat this summer with all the zest with which you plan your fishing trip or vacation, and you will never regret it. Most men who have made these spiritual exercises are eager to go again the following season, and even invite business associates and friends to go with them. They become real enthusiasts for the cause. The secret of the widespread success of the laymen's retreat movement lies in this enthusiasm which it engenders in the participants. A retreat affords a rest and a renovation, not only spiritually, but also bodily as well.

Biography of Knute Rockne

Mrs. Knute K. Rockne has requested Father John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., to prepare the authorized biography of her lamented husband. Father Cavanaugh knew Mr. Rockne well. As President of Notre Dame he received Knute as a freshman, graduated him four years later, named him Instructor in Chemistry and subsequently appointed him Football Coach.

The proceeds from the sale of the book are to go entirely to Mrs. Rockne's family.

Father Cavanaugh requests his friends (and more particularly Mr. Rockne's friends) to forward to him all clippings, pictures, tributes, letters, anecdotes or reminiscences that might be useful in the preparation of this biography. All material will be carefully preserved and returned on request. Address: The Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana.

Liturgical Summer School

The Benedictine Fathers of St. John's Abbey have announced that, from June 26 to August 5, they will conduct the third summer session of the Liturgical Summer School, under the auspices of The Liturgical Apostolate of the Abbey. They have been prompted to this by the general satisfaction expressed over the past two summer sessions, especially on the part of the Sisters attending the courses. A beautiful lake and woodland scenery, together with the liturgical and monastic atmosphere have no doubt helped to make St. John's Abbey an ideal place for holding a liturgical summer school. The courses are substantially the same as in the past except that a few have been added and others have been extended.

The following is the schedule of courses: Daily Liturgical Lesson, Catechetical Methods and the Liturgy, Church Latin for Beginners, Liturgical Music and the Parish, Gregorian Chant (three courses), Normal Methods of School Singing in the Grades, Principles of Plain Chant Accompaniment, Voice Training (elementary and advanced courses), Class in Choir and Chorus Conducting, Organ Modulation and Extemporization Class for Organists.

The students of the Summer School will live into the Liturgy by participating in the Holy Sacrifice each morning by means of the *Missa recitata*—the reading of the Mass together with the priest at the altar; they will also attend the official evening prayer of the Church, Compline, which will be sung in the Abbey Church. Moreover, a liturgical day is also being planned.

For particulars concerning the courses, or for other information, apply to The Liturgical Summer School, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

THE TRUMPET CALL

In God's service, as much as in the service of a mercenary calling, there is frequent need of a stimulating wave of enthusiasm. The blare of trumpets calls the soldier to attention and fills him with ardor for his country's cause. Nothing arouses in us that unfeigned spirit of loyalty and patriotism so much as

the strains of martial music. The heart keeps step with the foot in the onward and upward tendency toward liberty and exalted freedom. The Church, recognizing the aptitude of the human race for low levels, the natural proneness to waver in enthusiasm and recede from our good purposes, from time to time strives to stir up new endeavor through the medium of her sacred liturgy. There is in every month one, or more, great feasts which seem to strike a definite and sustained note in the breast of the serious-minded Catholic. These feasts contain that enlivening spiritual marrow which gives the soul the necessary zest for a renewed spurt forward and upward in the direction of her eternal goal—heaven.

CORPUS CHRISTI

The month of June is especially laden with a rich spiritual store. Two feasts in particular hold our attention—the feast of Corpus Christi on June 4 and the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on June 12. Certainly the outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which is becoming more widespread each year, and the very sight of which has been the means of conversion in the case of many non-believers, must have its salutary influence upon the lives of countless Catholics in our land to-day. This is indeed the most beautiful custom connected with the feast of Corpus Christi. It is at once an outlet for the exuberance of the spirit which all lovers of the Eucharist feel on this solemnity and an incentive to devotion to those who may perhaps be wanting in reverential feeling toward the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of His love. The union of thought and affection evinced by St. Thomas in the Mass and Office written for this feast are in themselves enough to wring a simple confession of faith from the most hardened heart.

THE SACRED HEART

The seat of love is the heart—so we are told. Not content with celebrating a festival in honor of the manner in which Christ shows His love for men, namely, by the giving of Himself in the Holy Eucharist; the Church, in another liturgical feast, holds up to us the seat of that divine love—the Sacred Heart that has so loved men. In calling us to the celebration of this day, she invites us to the imitation of the very same virtues which are practiced and are so deeply regarded by the Sacred Heart. In every case the purpose of the festal ceremony is always to stir up, to invite enthusiastic response to the lessons derived from the person or the object venerated or worshipped. We, as true soldiers of the divine Leader, shall do well if we strive to answer spontaneously and heartily this oft-repeated call to arms. The trumpet of the liturgy will not then have been raised in vain, nor its arousing strains have fallen on unheeding ears.

Whatever good work you undertake, pray earnestly that God may enable you to bring it to a successful termination.—Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

Mere Gold

ROSE DARHAM

"OH, Mother, can't you ever understand,—even just this once!" Marjorie Porter cried desperately to a sweet-faced, old-fashioned-looking woman, as they sat together at the breakfast table. "Daddy always understands and appreciates what a young girl needs when she is about to graduate from college.

"But, Marjorie, dear," the sweet voice remonstrated gently, "you have only worn your green voile twice; and—"

"Heavenly day, Mother! If only you had had some social experience, you would know that I cannot wear that style of dress again this season."

"That seems extravagant, my child, but I would gladly get you as many dresses as you want, only,—but,—well,—you know your father has not had any orders for months, and our bank account,—"

"Drat the bank account and everything else. I must be clothed befitting an artist's daughter for this great occasion,—and I simply must have that blue satin if I'm to attend the Baccalaureate."

"Now, Marjorie, don't be hurt,—but really I think your voile dress is so becoming and so suitable,—"

"Oh, well, there's no use talking to you, Mother. You simply never get the point of anything anymore! So much ado about mere gold," and the pretty daughter of Creston's would-be artist rose from the table with her breakfast half eaten, and haughtily left the room. She began her packing, for her spring vacation was over and she must return to Mount Riviers College on the evening train.

Mrs. Porter sat for some minutes and stared at the untouched muffins, while a wave of pain and regret came over her. Her heart ached to follow her only child, and take her in her strong arms and explain how sorry she was to disappoint her about the dress. But she knew only too well that Marjorie would repel her again as she had so many times before.

'You never understand anymore.' How that cut and bruised her mother heart! Her little

baby of such a few years ago, so docile, so loving, so sweet, had grown up to be a pretty young lady whose only ambition seemed to be to have more dresses, more new hats, more new everything, and whose love seemed all to go to the father who could refuse her nothing.

Yet,—and Alice Porter tried to down a feeling of bitterness,—it was her money that had kept them all these years, while her husband studied art, furnished a studio, traveled here and there to art institutes and art exhibits, and, in short, did everything but get a sale for his paintings.

She remembered how proudly she had listened to his first explanation of his seeming failure,—

"These people of Creston do not appreciate good paintings, Alice. They must be educated up to it."

And so he had gone on through the years, trying to educate the people to a love of his poor art, while his wife's neat little inheritance dwindled down from year to year until she had secretly sold her jewelry to pay Marjorie's last semester's tuition at college.

Things were surely in a bad way. There was no getting around that, and there was no relief in sight. Perhaps she did not understand a lot of things which Marjorie's mother should,—but she was the only one who did know the financial crisis they were facing. Her husband had from the first left all that to her, and rightly so, she thought, for his artist-mind could not be bothered with these practical worries.

She thought of the old days,—the gay, happy days with Kenneth! He had been such a wonderful companion,—so intelligent, so enthused about his studies at the art school. There had been so magical a glamour about those days with Kenneth, as her friend, about to get his degree,—and late, as her husband, dabbling in his studio or at home in their pretty little house. Had all the magic vanished, she wondered! Had she expected too much of her husband? They had never quarreled, yet,—what

was this wall of separation which had come between them since Marjorie had budded into pretty young womanhood. Why was she so out of their lives,—she who loved them both so tenderly?

Why couldn't she, once and for all, tell her husband that their money was gone, instead of worrying herself with the burden which weighed down her spirits and made her so silent and grave? Was she at fault? Well, anyway she loved them and was glad to continue her service of love, even at the price of many hurts. But her heart ached for the romance that seemed gone,—for the dream life she had missed.

Mr. Porter had come home from his studio before his usual hour, for they were to have an early dinner, after which he would escort his daughter to the train.

Marjorie was still pouting about the new dress and her father, quick to notice every cloud on her pretty face, drew her to his lap in the big arm chair, saying kindly,

"Now, who has hurt Daddy's little Queen today? Tell me all about it."

And soon he knew the story of the green dress that was out of style, which mother so foolishly thought she could fix over, and how all the other girls were getting oodles of new outfits and only she had to do with old ones.

Her father stroked her pretty hair and held her close to him, while he said, gently,

"My girl will have what the others have and more! Don't worry! Daddy'll see to that."

Then Marjorie's arms went around his neck and she showered kisses upon him, while Mrs. Porter, putting the finishing touches to the dinner, winced as she heard her daughter's voice saying:

"Oh, Daddy, dear! Whatever would I do without you? You always, always understand! You adorable Daddy! Mother always makes so much ado about *mere gold*, and she insists on dressing in her old outfits with her hair still long and all. I wonder if she expects to come for graduation in those old duds."

"Well, now, we'll see about that, too, dear. Your mother has never mentioned the subject to me. We'll see later. But your mother was once 'the fairest of the fair,' Marjorie, and she dressed niftily, too. It is only these last few years that she has become so saving of her words and her gold. I cannot understand it! But don't worry, darling girl, everything will be nice for your big day and mine."

'Mine! Mine!' How that word smite upon her loving, sensitive heart. Your day and mine! Was it not hers as well? Had she left anything undone to provide her only child all the luxuries of a care-free young life? What would she have had if her father's meager salary had been the only income? The few sales that he made scarcely paid the rent for the studio and kept him in supplies.

But she must not take time to be hurt now! Dinner must be served so that Marjorie would not miss her train. So with trembling hands and an aching heart she called them to a luscious repast. She had taken such pains with this last meal! All Marjorie's favorite dishes were there, well prepared and artistically served. But Marjorie was too engrossed in conversation with her father on the social events of the next few weeks to notice or make any comments upon the meal. She simply took it all as a matter of course and said nothing.

Soon Mrs. Porter had kissed her girl good-bye, and come back into the quiet, empty rooms, alone, staggering like an old woman. She threw herself on the couch and cried out all the bitterness of her heart! Surely there would be some way out of all this misunderstanding. As Marjorie had said, it was much ado about

Resignation

CATHERINE ANNE COONEY

I thought I'd lost a precious gift....

Your friendship.

For days I dreamed apart and yet the rift

Hurt not.

Instead, I felt a numbèd pause....

A breath

Of icy cold which chilled because

I'd loved you.

Now, impassionately, I understand

Your ways;

At last I see what mockery to demand

What is not.

One does not ask the poor

For alms,

Or seek in death, the lure

Of living things.

'mere gold.' Well, she would talk to Kenneth when he returned and let him see her side of the affair. How often she had decided upon this—and yet she had kept silent. But tonight,—

There was Kenneth now! How good it was to have him back again, even though he spent most of the evening reading. She hastily dried her eyes, but then—Kenneth wouldn't notice. He never noticed.

Mr. Porter entered leisurely and as he picked up the evening papers preparatory to an hour or two of reading, he said, coldly, and half reproachfully,

"We almost missed the train, Alice, and Marjorie was so nervous to begin with over some request or other you refused. I'm afraid it spoiled her last day."

Now was the time to explain that their funds were exhausted and that Marjorie was being extravagant. She straightened herself up bravely but her voice was weak, as she began,

"I know, Kenneth. I was sorry, too, but," timidly, "our money is—"

"Oh, drat the money, Alice! My child must have what the others have! Try to understand her side of the situation. Drat the money!" And Kenneth Porter's brow knit in a deep frown and he became silent.

There it was again! Understand,—understand,—understand! She understood only too well. That was the whole trouble. It was Kenneth who didn't understand. But that everlasting accusation always weakened her resolve, and again she found herself saying, gently,

"Of course, I'll see what can be done."

She hadn't the heart to cause him worry. He was doing the best he could, perhaps. And after a while, maybe, his work would sell. She must be patient,—yet a little longer. Far into the night she lay awake, thinking, fearing, planning, sorrowing, while her aching heart throbbed out the words: "Try to understand this once!" 'My child!' not 'ours,' but 'mine.'

She thought of the days that used to be and wondered where they had gone and what single incident or chain of incidents had caused this difference. She feared the future, with their money gone. She planned how she could earn

enough to delay the crisis which was almost upon them. She had been expert with the needle since her youth, and perhaps now she could make and sell fancywork for some of the Creston stores. At any rate, there was no time to nurse her pain. She must go on in silence because she loved them. After all, was it not a pleasure to serve those two dearest on earth to her? Perhaps some day she too could sing in her heart,

"There's a silver lining
Through each dark cloud shining,"

But her work at present was to decipher how to

"Turn the dark cloud inside out"—

* * * * *

Kenneth Porter was proud, so also was his wife, but not in the same unreasoning way. So she had to devise ways and means of making money without attracting public notice. She had always attended to the financial end, and her husband, who was rather self-centered, was really kind at heart, and he had no idea of the financial straits they were facing. Up to this time there had always been money enough for everything and he had taken it as a matter of course, little dreaming the cause of his wife's silence and gravity of the past few years.

As he experimented with landscape drawings and photographs and spent hours talking with agents and possible buyers on the greatness of his art, his wife labored steadily on making needlework for several of the leading stores, and obtaining the funds necessary to purchase the blue satin dress and keep Marjorie in funds.

In June

EDITH TATUM

The cloister garden lies serene and hushed;
The warm sun gleams upon a rose
Then slants, reflected on a window pane
That like a blood-red ruby glows.
The organ in the chapel softly breathes
A vesper hymn. Soft melody
Fills all the sunlit garden space, and sends
My prayers to soar in ecstasy
And nestle at His scarred and precious feet.
I whisper, "Lord, I come to thee,
To hide within thy blessed Sacred Heart
And find heaven's peace eternally!"

Graduation day was approaching, however, and her husband had mentioned needing a new suit for the occasion. Then there would be the car fare and some gift for Marjorie. The days flew past! There were not enough hours in which to work, so she sat up far into the night. She had had no time to think of her own outfit and she must look her best for Marjorie's sake.

Then a letter came in Marjorie's small, neat hand. It was addressed as usual to them both, but she left it unopened until her husband's return, for she knew that the contents would be to him.

Dear Daddy and Mother:

I was so busy these last few weeks with parties and exams and all of that that I had very little time to myself. I have had some gorgeous times, and I came out pretty well on my exams, too, thanks to your coaching during vacation, Daddy.

I wore my blue satin to the Baccalaureate, and everyone said it was adorable. It was so good of you to *understand*.

Now, about commencement. I have reserved a seat for you, Daddy, but I felt sure mother would not care to come. You never care for those affairs, do you, mother?

Now, Daddy, be sure to have that new suit we were looking at in Culkin's. I have set my heart on seeing you in that and you will be in the very front row, you know.

I'm down to my last dollar, and I simply must exchange some gifts. I'm devoured with curiosity to know what my graduation gift will be. I hope it's that wrist watch we saw at Harper's. 'Member, Daddy? I thought it was just beautiful.

Oodles of love to you both,

Your big girl,
Marjorie.

By Jove! that's a girl to be proud of, Alice. Of course, I'll get the suit! I'd wear a red and white striped one if it would bring the dimples out on her pretty cheeks. I'll stop in and get the watch on my way home this evening, and I'll send her off a check, too,—a good, healthy one. I guess old Jones, the banker, will see that I can be generous with my girl."

"But, Kenneth, listen! I must tell you," began his wife, tremulously, looking up half-fearfully into her husband's handsome face.

"Now, let's don't argue money, Alice, at this time, most of all. I'll take care of everything!

Don't worry!" And Mr. Porter reached for his hat and hurriedly left the house.

With eyes deeply shadowed by weariness, Mrs. Porter sank into the nearest chair and picked up Marjorie's letter, re-reading it,—not once, but many times. Could it be possible that her girl, her only child, was not expecting her for graduation? Could it be possible after all she had done for her? It was her father she wanted. She was proud of him. Could it be that she was ashamed of her mother? Oh, the pain of that thought! No, it could not be. Marjorie was young yet, and externals meant so much to her,—and—Mrs. Porter rose and looked in the mirror opposite. Yes—she had become old-looking and old-fashioned. She had neglected herself for them, the two dearest ones in all the world. But they didn't realize that. They thought she was becoming a muddle-headed old woman, who just didn't understand, and who made much ado about 'mere gold.'

Oh! for the old days when there had been such sweet and perfect confidence between her and her dear Kenneth. When she had gone with him to his studio and listened breathlessly to his plans for a successful future,—when his pictures would be in the leading art galleries in the world,—and his name among the most noted artists. She had been so glad that her inheritance made it possible for him to continue his studies indefinitely, that the lack of money would not rush him in his work. But, now,—oh,—had all her dreams vanished as air bubbles? She looked out through the open window and watched a big black cloud, low on the horizon, break into tiny fragments and finally dissolve into blue sky and sunshine. Perhaps some day the dark cloud hanging over her life would also break and dissolve into joy and love and understanding. Oh, what more could she do to deserve this great gift of heaven!

But, whatever came she must now get busy and secure funds so her husband could buy the watch, send the check, etc. She must get money to the bank before many hours so that Kenneth might not know that his checks were worthless. She counted the money on hand,—\$17.50,—and her work already completed, would bring her perhaps \$60.00. But that was

not enough. A suit, a watch, a check, train fare! She needed more. Yes, at least \$20.00 more to keep up the subterfuge until after Marjorie's big day. She had already sold her jewelry, her services, what more had she to give in exchange for GOLD?

She stood before the mirror and let her mass of fair hair fall upon her shoulders and down her back. She held it caressingly in her hands for a minute, then doing it up hastily she put on her hat and coat and left the house.

"It's the only thing left," she said to herself. "I know I will hate it with bobbed locks, but I must see them through this and then,—well, she would then have given her all.

The beauty madame marvelled at the question: "How much is my hair worth?" Instead of answering the question put to her, she remonstrated,

"What wonderful hair, so soft and wavy, and what a wealth of it! If it were mine, lady, money could not buy it, and you know, long hair is coming back."

Mrs. Porter insisted, however, and soon she was richer by \$40.00 and her heart tons lighter. The madame dressed the bobbed tresses carefully, as if reluctant to take her hands off the silken mass.

"Well, I guess you were right after all. Being so wavy and thick the true beauty of your hair will show up now more than ever, and it does make you look so much younger. Really, there is a marvellous difference."

But Mrs. Porter cared little about her looks. She knew she felt better now that she had the money and she hurried off to the bank. Entering, she was about to take the cashier into her confidence in regard to the "love game" she

was playing, but he smiled at her and said,

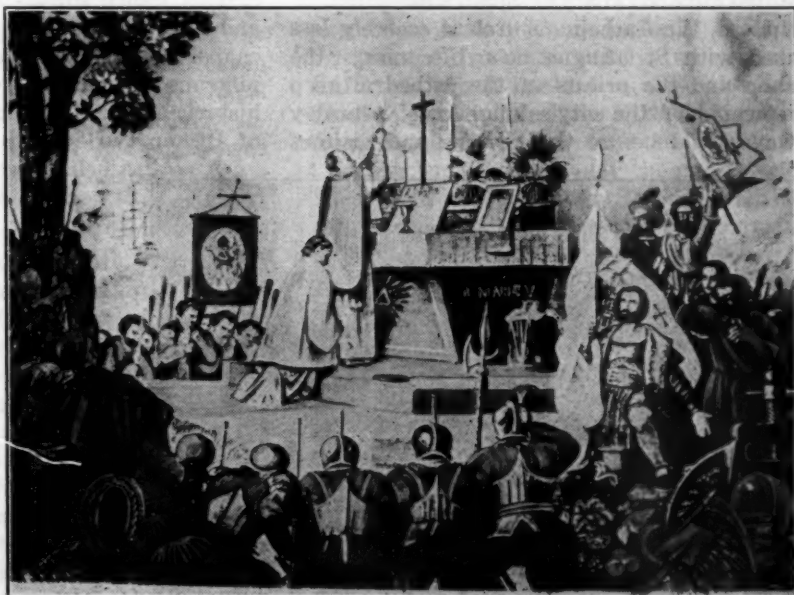
"You're too late *this* time, Mrs. Porter,—and I'm darn glad of it! Your husband was here ten minutes ago and I told him he hadn't a red cent on deposit, nor hadn't had for months, except what you had earned from your 'labor of love,' or foolishness. Which shall I call it?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she muttered, paling perceptibly, "I'm so sorry, so sorry! But how did you know?"

"How did I know? By Jove! Alice! haven't I been watching this thing for months already; Kenneth dabbling around in his well furnished studio, and you, playing the idiot! Pardon me. That dear husband of yours needed a jolt, and he sure got it to-day."

Mrs. Porter hurried away, worried, and dazed. The blow had fallen! What would her husband think? She was tense with excitement and bewilderment, and she almost forgot about the watch and suit. Retracing her steps, she entered the clothiers and, after some inquiry, discovered that Kenneth had not been there yet. It was almost closing time now and, no doubt, he had gone to the bank first, and then,—he knew he couldn't even buy a cigar. However, the clerk knew what suit her hus-

(Continued on page 67)



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF FIRST MASS AT ST. AUGUSTINE

A Pilgrimage in Historic St. Augustine

GRACE MCKINSTRY

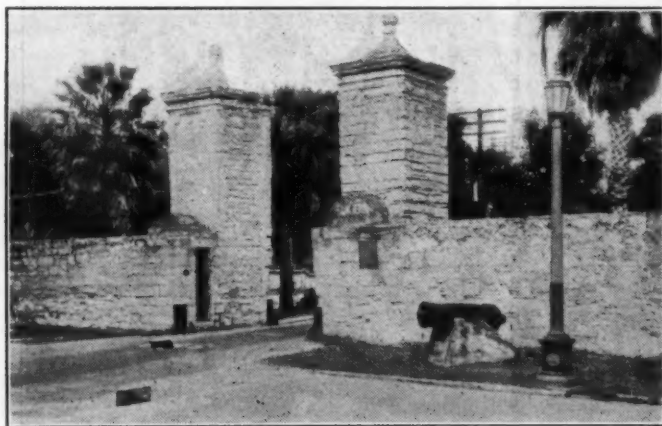
ST. Augustine, with all the mellow charm of four centuries of history! Not a long time in the history of most European cities, a short time in the history of Asia, but how very long in our new America! Four hundred and eighteen years ago, 1513, Ponce de Leon came seeking the fountain of youth, and as it was Easter-tide he named the new land Pascua de Florida—the flowery Passover, Spanish name for Easter. It was not his destiny to establish a permanent city here, but half a century or so later Menendez, resolute, uncompromising, came with many colonists and founded this “oldest town.” Since the St. Augustine’s day of his arrival, 1565, there has been no gap in the history of the little city named by Pedro Menendez de Aviles in honor of that great saint. Not a peaceful city in old Spanish times, one must confess; its early history was that of a garrison town. But, for the time being, let us turn our backs upon the mighty fort, with all its dramatic, tragic associations, and turn to the Church, no less closely associated with the two hundred years of Spain’s dominion.

Indeed, the Catholic Church is scarcely less linked with St. Augustine’s life now; the bishop and the priests of the cathedral keep the events of the city’s long, long yesterday always vivid before the citizens and visitors

of to-day, blending these events with present plans. This year Bishop Barry and the reverend clergy, assisted in every possible way by the deeply interested municipal authorities, arranged a pilgrimage to a historic shrine beyond the gates. Not only did the pilgrims visit the place of an ancient shrine; they were at the same time near the place where Menendez landed in 1565, taking possession of the land in the name of God and of the King of Spain. And then the first Holy Mass was celebrated; the place was called “Nombre de Dios,”—Name of God.

Even a spot dedicated to God may not always be at peace. Here was the scene of the martyrdom of Father Rodriguez and a Franciscan Brother during the Indian revolt of 1597. And in the varied history and fortunes of Florida,—border raids, English occupation for twenty years, wind storms,—one can realize that chapels and shrines would suffer,—would require rebuilding from time to time. Chapels were ransacked or burned, dismantled to avoid desecration, blown down. But after four centuries and a half,—1915, the present beautiful little chapel toward which the steps of Palm Sunday pilgrims turned this year was erected on the historic spot. It was built through the efforts of Bishop Curley and the generosity of Mrs. Amelia Hardin, a lovely memorial to her husband, General Martin D. Hardin.

If you should ask the way thither on an ordinary day, any citizen’s answer to your un-Spanish ears might sound somewhat like this: “Oh, you mean ‘la Lay Chay’? Half a mile beyond the old gates. Down by the water. Turn at Ocean Street. In an old cemetery, surrounded by a new concrete fence. Yes, it is open to visitors.” Thus you will begin to learn that the little memorial chapel,—not a shrine now, bears the name of the ancient shrine of Nuestra Señora de la Leche. It

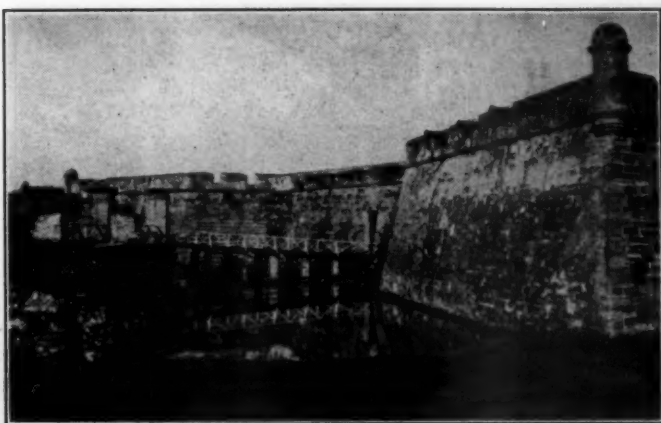


ANCIENT GATES OF ST. AUGUSTINE

is colorful and interesting, the story of this Spanish shrine which formed an intimate part of St. Augustine's religious life for many years. Here dark-eyed Spanish matrons knelt before the statue of Our Lady with special petitions.

To know the significance of the statue once there, one must look back to Spain. When the little American settlement was about thirty-three years old, Philip II died. In Madrid there was rioting among the mercenary troops who cared only for wages and loot. A drunken soldier carried a statue of the Blessed Virgin through the streets; a pious Spaniard, horrified at the desecration, bought the statue of him. Then in this devout Spaniard's home a shrine was established, and many came to pray. Ere long, the Spaniard's good wife had a critical illness. Earnestly the couple prayed before the statue of the Blessed Virgin,—an unusual statue, representing her feeding the Divine Infant. In answer to their prayers, the birth of a beautiful baby boy, nursed by the joyous mother, both mother and child in radiant health. It seemed a miracle indeed!

They named the statue then, and in increasing numbers the faithful came to pray; Heaven vouchsafed other similar miracles. A chapel became necessary, and through the lively interest of the King, Philip III, the statue was transferred with magnificent ceremonial and a most brilliant procession, amid general rejoicing, through a decorated city. Naturally, the fame of the miraculous statue spread everywhere; many copies were made of it. And some time between 1602 and 1620 one of these copies came to America; thus the shrine of Nuestra Señora de la Leche y Buen Parto (Our Lady of the milk and good childbirth) became a part of St. Augustine's religious life for something like a century and a half. During the twenty years that the city was under England, Spaniards felt no longer at home; many went to Cuba. The shrine's ornaments and the statue were removed, that they should not be desecrated; probably they were sent to Cuba. In 1784 Florida was ceded back to Spain.



FORT MARION AT ST. AUGUSTINE

Spaniards came back, but not the statue of Our Lady. It had either been lost or destroyed by the hand of time. There has been no second replica here of the statue saved by the devout Spaniard and still venerated in the Church of St. Louis in Madrid. In the historical library of St. Augustine one may see a picture of the original, and read an account, in Spanish, of the events just narrated, as they occurred in Madrid.

A doubly significant spot, this well-kept old cemetery, surrounded by a dignified wall, with the gemlike little memorial chapel that one may glimpse from the stately iron gateway. "Unfortunately, it has not received the recognition it deserves," declares Father Nunan in a recent magazine article, "and many a tourist to the Ancient City sees only the more exploited places of dubious authenticity and never even hears of the cradle spot of Old St. Augustine, the Shrine of Nuestra Señora de la Leche." But since this Palm Sunday pilgrimage, to many and many a visitor it will be forever memorable. And, happily, the present pilgrimage was announced as "The first annual pilgrimage to the ancient shrine,"—thus during ensuing years the city's 'cradle-spot' will become better and better known. And the dim past will seem more real.

The lovely coquina chapel is not used for worship, ordinarily, but it looks always ready. On many days of the year the heavy doors stand open. The visitor follows the broad, well-kept walk between oleanders and moss-



CHAPEL OF NUESTRA SENORA DE LA LECHE

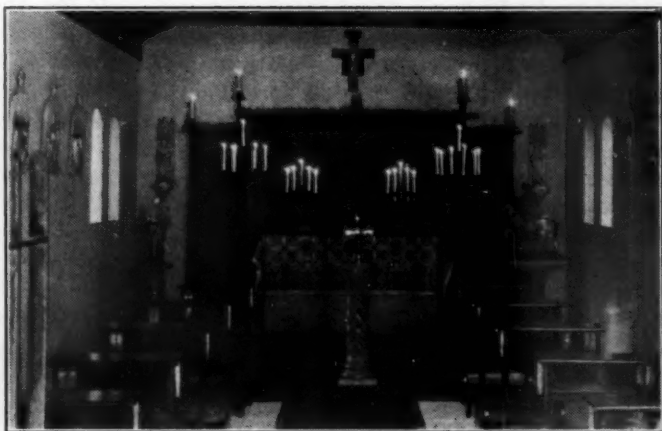
hung cedars, and pauses to read the bronze tablets on either side of the chapel door, to realize anew the historical significance of this peaceful place down near the water where the Spanish ships were approaching on a long-past St. Augustine's day. The façade of the little building is thoroughly Spanish. Above the broad doors is a niche with a statue of St. Martin, above this an arched, open belfry, above this the cross. Within, a simple altar with antique iron work, crucifix and candles. On either side of the altar, small, very beautiful statues,—the Blessed Virgin with the Child, St. Martin and the beggar. There are soft-colored Stations of the Cross, and, instead of pews, simple prie-dieux of rich, dark polished wood.

And the pilgrimage? There was Pontifical High Mass in the morning, at a simple open-air altar draped in white and purple, raised for this memorable day down by the quiet waters at the end of Ocean Street. The memorial chapel was too tiny to use. But all the worshipers, seated row after row the length of Ocean Street (which was barred from traffic), must have realized all the more vividly, as they gazed seaward, the scene of centuries ago,—a Holy Mass at an out-of-door altar on a shore where white men had not yet made a home. Reverently, too, before they returned to their homes in this old, old city, each

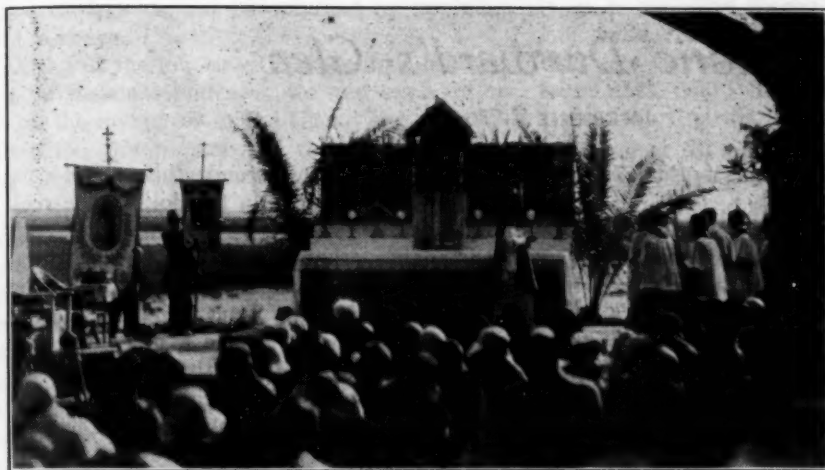
worshiper passed through the stately cemetery gate and stood a moment in the mystic peace of the one-time shrine of Nuestra Señora de la Leche.

And the pilgrims in the long procession of the afternoon visited the chapel, too, and said a prayer within. A wonderful procession, with hundreds in line; the Sisters, the school children, the church societies, the pilgrims of all ages. The rich vestments of the bishop and the many priests, the acolytes, the white and gold of banners, the delicate loveliness of flowers strewn by tiny children, the clear harmony of the voices of choristers,—it was all unforgettable! God's gracious sunshine was over and about them,—the day was a perfect Palm Sunday. Bishop Barry from the open-air altar gave Pontifical Benediction, and hundreds knelt in Ocean Street.

Had you heard the sermon given by the visiting priest, you might have wondered just why he so often used the expression "hereabouts," instead of "just here." A little explanation may not be amiss, for surely you will all come to St. Augustine some day, and you must not be confused by statements made at another location a little distance away. "It is true that the coquina chapel here in the cemetery marks the site of the second chapel built to memo-



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL



PALM SUNDAY, 1931, ON THE SHORE AT ST. AUGUSTINE

realize the first Mass—and the earliest shrine; maps show that there was a short distance between the sites." Father Nunan, of the Cathedral, explains: "But is not the Church the custodian of the whole tradition? None other can be that! Besides, I do not feel that the first location can be so exactly ascertained,—it is enough to realize that it must have been somewhere just along here."

Our confusion vanished; we realized that tradition, atmosphere, spiritual significance, involve more than any meticulous exactness of locating something in space. A new college building, for instance, may be built near an old one,—the original torn down, replaced by an ordinary commercial building. But the new structure "carries on," of course, and in it one feels the impressiveness of all the long years behind the institution. The older spot retains no "atmosphere," the college keeps the whole of the tradition.

"Nombre de Dios,"—"Nuestra Señora de la Leche." Thus do Spanish names, particularly those connected with some religious act or observance, come down the centuries, never to be forgotten in St. Augustine, though there have been other flags since 'the ocean-swept banner of Spain' was unfurled. But Spain came first and stayed longest; St. Augustine is proud of the heritage. For a long time in the ancient Cathedral there hung a large painting representing an artist's conception of the first Holy Mass on these shores; the painting was de-

stroyed by fire. Only with the eyes of imagination could the recent pilgrims behold Menendez giving thanks to God, or Spanish women fervently praying before the statue of Our Lady. Yet, through the unchanging ceremonies of the Church, their imagination was quickened, so that the religious panorama seemed to pass before them. And,

after all, the lovely little chapel in the walled cemetery is in a quiet spot, remote enough to have none of the confusion of to-day's life crowding upon it. Early days in a new land can really be imagined. And though its coquina walls are not ancient, they can enclose the atmosphere of faith and devotion, the traditions, the history, that are so essentially St. Augustine's heritage.

Holy Communion is the styptic that stops the flow of the passions.

Have you made a private call on Jesus this week? Had you no need of His advice?

Ships

EDITH TATUM

A silver ship glides slowly from the shore,
Its sails of saffron silk are tipped with flame.
Through liquid topaz, toward the gleaming West
It steals, a shining ghost, at God's behest....
We know not where it goes nor whence it came.

It carries in its hold a varied store....
Rare jewelled fabrics, warp and woof of dreams,
Beryl jars of rose leaves, youth's lost ecstasies.
Soft fragrant bales of happy memories....
With joys as frail as gossamer it teems.

It goes into the West.... it comes no more.
To what bourne is it sailing, who can say?
The vessel and its cargo, both are mine....
I stand and watch it sadly, and resign
My ship of many treasures.... yesterday!

Historic Durward's Glen

JOSEPHINE E. TOAL

"O-o-o-h!" "A-a-a-h!" "Is it Eden?" we chorused.

It certainly was a delightful surprise—that little dell of dreamlike loveliness tucked away amid rocky bluffs that guard the Wisconsin River.

True, someone had made casual mention to us of a pleasant retreat remote from tourist throngs and known as "Durward's Glen." And so that day, with family picnic basket stowed away in the car, we wound our inquiring way over the hilltops and through the pines, down to where, at the feet of encircling hills, the road ends in a tiny green valley. A clear, pebbly trout stream frolics out of a fantastically lovely little rock-walled gorge, slips under a rustic bridge, and winds away through the dell.

Were we invading the home of fairies? or were we trespassing on private preserves of some money king? We looked about for the answer. Surely here was hospitality—a neat picnic table and small camp stove. A few signs posted on the bridge made polite request to spare the flowers and to leave the glen by eight o'clock. But no human habitation was in sight, and no voices but those of the birds greeted us.

Curiously, wonderingly, we began to explore. At the first peep into the tiny canyon we caught our breaths in startled awe. From high on a mossy boulder, half screened by pines and birches overhanging the stream, looked gravely down upon us a life-size marble madonna!

Whence this sculptured piece in the wild surroundings? Whose hand had carved it? Where were the worshippers? We could not fathom the mystery. On stepping-stones we followed the course of the stream up the pic-

turesque gorge. How wonderfully those courageous old trees forced a foothold in the rock walls! Here an ancient birch, apparently with no sustenance other than what it could draw from the stream-washed boulder grasped by its bare, gnarled roots, flung its majestic head high to the sunlight. There a pine half way up the cliff, clinging defiantly to its perilous mooring, arrayed itself in rich green garments

miraculously manufactured from a soil-barren contact.

Whose careful hand had arranged the stepping-stones upstream? With cautious movement lest a misstep land us in the brook, we explored the length of the little canyon. Then, retracing our way, we crossed the bridge, to pause again in amazement. An art fountain set in the fern-draped hillside! A most unique piece of work, bearing the inscription, "Christ said, I thirst. Brother or sister, think of Him and drink." Who the benevolent soul that, mindful of the chance wayfarer, had here provided free of cost the finest of drafts—pure, cold spring water?

Curiosity was now at its height. What further wonders did this romantic spot hold? Still following the path, we rounded the hillside into a small clearing bordered by great, tall Norway spruce trees, to find the quaintest of old-fashioned cottages set against a background of forest, its dooryard gay with flowers. Companioning the house, a small two-story stone building with queer, low-arched roof rose from the other side of the lawn. Vines clambered thickly over its rough walls, half hiding the odd, tiny-paned, mullioned windows. On the door a sign informed that admission to the



THE GUARDIAN OF THE GLEN

"Art Gallery" might be obtained by applying at the house.

A tap at the low-eaved cottage door brought kindly response and soon we had explanation of all the mysteries of the Glen. Yet with explanation the romance of this historic spot grew ever more romantic.

In the cottage lives Miss Mary Thecla Durward, the sole resident of the Glen. This lady and her aged brother, Rev. Fr. James Durward of St. James, Minnesota, are the only surviving immediate members of a large family of talent and distinction.

In the Art Gallery Miss Durward treasures a valuable collection of paintings, statuary, books, and other mementoes—mostly the work of the Durwards. For the trifling fee of a dime, the visitor is shown through the building.

The father of the family, Bernard I. Durward, poet, professor, and painter of note, was born at Montrose, Scotland, in 1817. An English girl, Margaret Hilyard, became his bride, in the Episcopal church at Manchester. Coming to America in 1845, with their two small sons, they settled in Wisconsin.

It was while earning his living as an artist, in Milwaukee, that Mr. Durward painted the portrait of Archbishop Henni—which piece of art is now preserved in the state historical society's collection at Madison—and was at the same time converted by the bishop to Catholicism. For the remainder of his life Mr. Durward was a devoted Catholic and in that faith reared his family.

Nature lover that he was, Mr. Durward failed to find in the city that which satisfied his simple tastes. He craved a quiet home far from the conventions and artificialities of urban surroundings. After a few years he found his hearts desire in this secluded woodland retreat some ten miles from the present city of Baraboo.

By this time there were five children in the family, and two others had been left in the cemetery at Milwaukee. Mary Thecla was born at the Glen.

It was on All Saints Day, November 1, 1862, that the Durward fami-

ly, in a one-horse wagon, arrived at their sylvan home. A Maltese cross cut in the mossy rock as a reminder of the event is still plainly to be seen near where stands the madonna statue, the Guardian of the Glen.

It was on All Saints Day, November 1, 1862, that the Durward family, in a one-horse wagon, arrived at their sylvan home. A Maltese cross cut in the mossy rock as a reminder of the event is still plainly to be seen near where stands the madonna statue, the Guardian of the Glen.

The first home was a small cabin near the spring. There joy came to the household in the birth of little Mary. But it was in the still-standing cottage near the Art Gallery that the Durwards passed most of their years at the Glen.

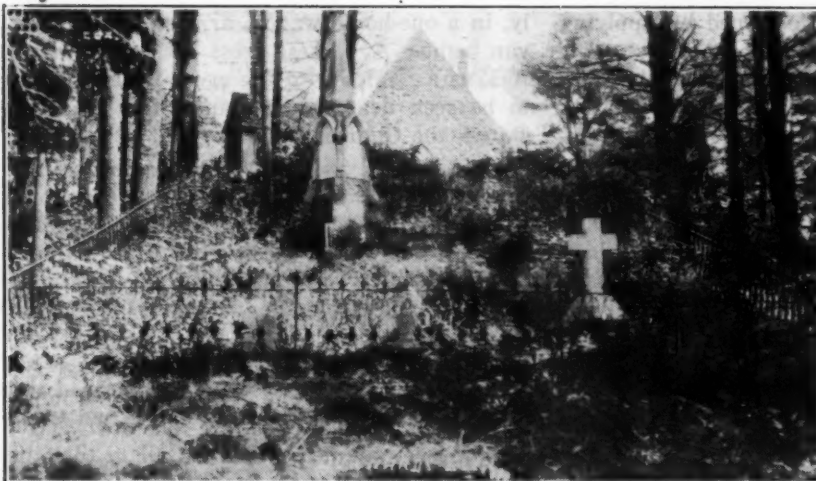
Two of the sons, Emerson and Allan, became priests. The former, known as the Rev. Fr. John Thomas Durward, priest of St. Joseph's church at Baraboo, died in that city in 1918. The latter, now the Rev. Fr. James D. Durward of St. James, Minnesota, is owner of Durward's Glen.

The brief life of Charles, the gifted artist son, gave to the Catholic churches of the country many fine paintings. He was born in England and came as a babe with his parents to Wisconsin. In the freshness of his early manhood death called him. He died at the Glen at the age of thirty-one, from having eaten a poisonous plant.

The madonnas of his brush have won notoriety. Several of them are to be placed on



THE DURWARD ART GALLERY



BURIAL PLACE OF FATHER, MOTHER, AND FOUR SONS

the side altars in the new national shrine at Washington, D. C.

In many Catholic churches to-day, too, are treasured pieces of lace made by Mother Durward for priestly vestments.

The Durwards prized their friendships, and numbered among their friends were many of distinguished place. The wayside fountain memorializes some of these. The star carved at the top of the keystone in the arch is for their friend, Eliza A. Starr, an art lecturer. Other stones bear initials: B for James Booth, an English gilder; Z for Zimmerman, a Milwaukee merchant; H for a civil engineer named Hathaway, also of Milwaukee; N for Captain Nader of Madison. A de V, beneath the surmounting pine cone, stands for Aubrey Thomas de Vere, an Irish poet and writer contemporary with the elder Durward. C is for an English Catholic gentleman, Coventry Patmore, a poet of note. There is also an R for John Ruskin and another stone is a memorial to W. J. Onahan, welfare worker of Chicago.

The Greek delta at the top of the arch is the nom de plume under which Mr. Durward wrote. On one side of the fountain is chiseled the date 1887 A. D., and on the other the Jewish year, A. M. 7086.

Four linden trees at the mouth of the gorge are named for a quartet of musical friends, while a row of beautiful memorial evergreens on the hilltop represent the members of the

family of the Glen, both living and departed. Miss Mary Thecla has named the two south of the flower garden for her father and mother.

Interesting as it all was, we were to see things of yet greater historical importance. After a breathless climb we found ourselves in a quaint forest-guarded churchyard. Here stands the tiny chapel, St. Mary's of the Pines, erected by the

Durwards and their friends in 1866. Its stone walls enclose little else than the white altar with its tall candles and beautiful painting of the Virgin Mary. No pews invite to rest. Perhaps the cold stone floor better conduces to worshipful mood. Fire destroyed the roof of the chapel in 1923, but it has since been restored.

Here Fathers John and James said their first Masses. Charles painted the Virgin altarpiece. Another son, Andrew, was married in the chapel, and for several of the family, father and mother included, the last sad rites were performed inside its hallowed walls. But seldom now is the key turned in the rusty padlock.

A circle of station shrines, erected in 1889 and painted by Charles, surround the churchyard. It was Father John who, on a visit to the Holy Land that year, brought from the *Via Dolorosa* at Jerusalem sacred soil to mingle with the earth upon which the shrines stand. It was Father John, too, who bought and placed the beautiful Guardian of the Glen.

On one side of the churchyard a few crumbling old tombstones tell of pioneers long gone to rest. But of greater interest is the iron-railed plot on the other side of the chapel, where a slender white monument marks the sleeping place of six members of the Durward family. The father's record is inscribed thus: "Bernard I. Durward, Poet, Painter, and Professor. Born March 26, 1817; Died March 21,

1902." That of his companion reads: "Theresa M. Durward, Mother of Priests, Born Feb. 7, 1821; Died April 22, 1907." On the markers beside them one reads the names of four sons, Wilfrid, Andrew, John, and Charles. Of Charles, the marble records only the date of his birth, September 27, 1844, and of his death, November 12, 1875. His name is spelled "Dorward." He was the only one of the family who employed that spelling.

Of Father John the marble says: "Beloved Father John, Born March 7, 1847; Died Sept. 9, 1918. He Wrought in Words and Buildd of Stone and by Grace in the Hearts of Men."

In a small booklet of poems by Bernard I. Durward, entitled "St. Mary's of the Pines," are these lines which, as one pauses to regard thoughtfully the little forest-hidden churchyard, come with pathetic suggestion:

Little chapel, rude and lonely.

To the eye,

How thy white cross in the sunlight

Gleams, and prompts a prayer in whispers!

Shall my mouldering ashes lie

Blest and near thee, though unheeding

Song of Vespers,

Or the Kyrie Eleison's

Plaintive cry?

The query of the poet is answered in the affirmative. Fittingly his "mouldering ashes lie" under the shadow of the lonely woodland chapel in which he wrought out the beautiful dream of his worshipping heart. The stream which evoked his longing cry, "Oh, that I could scatter blessing like to thee!" sings for him unceasing requiem.

Many times since the poet laid down his pen the snows of winter have whitened the slope where he rests with his loved ones. For many springtimes have the birds built their nests in the pines whispering above his head. Yet by vigilance of the sons and daughter the ruthless hand of commercialism so far has been stayed from seriously disturbing the beauty and sanctity of this bit of nature wild. It is the earnest desire of Father James and his gentle sister that when they, too, shall have passed into the "valley of the shadow" visitors to their beautiful woodland estate shall respect their wish to preserve it as they leave it, unmarred by any attempt to displace nature's

artistic touch. They would that Historic Durward's Glen shall continue to be the Glen of the past.

Mere Gold

(Continued from page 59)

band had decided upon, and she had it sent to the house by the next delivery. The watch she also purchased and brought it home with her, glad to have something by which to lessen her husband's disappointment.

As she entered her home, Kenneth met her at the doorway, and leading her to the living room, drew her down on the davenport beside him. He put his arm about her, and with her head upon his shoulder, the two sat for some time in a silence which neither wished to break. Finally, Alice said, sympathetically,

"Don't feel too bad about it, Ken! I think I have enough now to see us through the graduation."

She took her hat off, and for a moment Mr. Porter was bereft of speech.

"Alice, dear, this too! Even this," he faltered, stroking the silken hair, his face red with chagrin, his eyes burning with unshed tears.

"Oh, what a brute I've been! I'm unworthy of such great love."

"Oh, no, Ken, don't say that!"

And when she gave him the watch and the suit was delivered, he broke into tears, and cried out his repentance, holding her close to his heart.

"Oh, Allie dear, why didn't you tell me? Why did you keep this a secret and bear all the worry alone? Why?"

"Because I loved you, Ken."

For hours they sat together, each loathe to separate even for a few minutes and talked it all out, this misunderstanding which had grown from so small a beginning until it had almost embittered them both. But now the dark cloud had dispersed! The old dream days were come again to stay!

The next day, Marjorie received a special delivery and, wonderingly, she read:

Darling Girl:

Reserve a seat beside your Daddy for the most wonderful mother in the world.

(Concluded on page 76)

Marching Words

HARRY W. FLANNERY

HAVE you ever tried to estimate the number of publications that flood this country? Their number is beyond comprehension. Every day, according to publishers' statistics, more than fifty million newspapers are run off newspaper presses in the United States. Every week, many million copies of magazines are printed, and every year, American publishers issue at least four hundred million books and pamphlets.

Figures, however, fail to convey a complete impression of the voracity of our present public for the printed word. It may be more impressive to try to imagine the number of homes on your street, in your city, in your state, and in our country, and then to consider that every home,—almost without exception,—now gets at least one newspaper, subscribes to a magazine or two, and secures a book from the library every few weeks, besides buying occasional volumes. Every time you pass the news stand new magazines are offered for your selection. Every time you go to town, car cards, billboards, magazines, newspapers, and pamphlets meet your gaze on every side. This is a day when everyone reads, and reads much. It is a day when the breakfast table or the evening gathering is not complete without reading matter.

And that is not all. In addition to these legions of words to be read there are other armies of words rising from the typewriters of our scribes, words to be seen and heard from the stage, rostrum, or pulpit, and in the moving picture theatres. Consider the number of people who crowd each theatre nightly, multiply that by hundreds of thousands; consider the number in universities, in churches, listening and watching marching words. There are billions, trillions of these written words called to life daily, each group of them beckoning in their wake the minds of all who read and see.

Furthermore, if the words live at all, they are compelling, and oftentimes, even when false, they are alluring.

The fact implies a tremendous responsibility.

Probably no profession has so much opportunity for good or for evil. The number reached by the financier, the industrialist, the engineer, the lawyer, and the doctor are few, indeed, compared with the myriads who may be led to good or evil by the power of the typed page or its product. Most professions are responsible to a limited group only, but the writer may affect a city, a class, a state, a nation, or, oftentimes, a whole world. Furthermore, even after the deaths of their creators, words may continue to parade past the gaze of generation after generation. The powerful writer's spirit knows no earthly death while there is a living reader. He is, as Melville E. Stone has said so beautifully, "one of the sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns."

"It is a terrible responsibility," said His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, of New York, in an address made at an early meeting of the Catholic Writers Guild in New York. "A writer may make things true when they are false, may make them false when they are true, as far as the general public is concerned, and I tell you when it comes to the question of presenting God to the public, of presenting religion to the public, of presenting the things of the Church, our Catholic faith, our Catholic history, I say again it is a responsibility which rests very heavily on a Catholic writer, but also it rests very heavily on every writer no matter what his faith may be."

It was with a realization of the importance of the work of the scribe that the Catholic Writers Guild was formed. Just eleven men were present at its organization during the last part of 1919. Among others present, besides His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, then archbishop only, there was the Rev. John Talbot Smith, one of the most gifted Catholic penmen of this century. Father Talbot wrote powerfully, using striking sentences that challenged and held the attention of all who read them, and he was a convincing power for good both through his lectures at the University of Notre Dame, and through his essays, novels, and poems. There

were also present Dr. James J. Walsh, who is probably the best known Catholic writer and lecturer in the country, and who is now president of the Guild; James Blaine Walker, newspaper editor and writer; Daniel L. Ryan, newspaper publisher; Augustine McNally, reporter and publicist; John Tyrone Kelly, scenario and short story writer; Michael F. Haggerty, reporter; John Jerome Rooney, reporter and poet; Alfred W. McCann, author of a number of books on food and of one of the most popular books on evolution, "God or Gorilla"; and Thomas C. Quinn, newspaper and magazine editor.

The first president was Thomas F. Meehan, Catholic Encyclopedia editor, correspondent and historian; the vice presidents were Arthur Bennington, correspondent, editor, and Dante authority; Conde B. Pallen, editor, poet, and essayist; and Stephen H. Horgan, associate editor of the *Inland Printer*; the treasurer was Father Smith; and the secretary, Thomas C. Quinn.

These names indicate that the Guild began its crusade with prominent champions in its ranks, men who had not only notable names in the field of American journalism, but who were also famous for their staunch devotion to Catholic ideals. Yet there were many other prominent Catholic writers still without the ranks, but who joined their brothers as the crusade went on. These latter were notable persons in literature, men and women of the Catholic faith, but who could not be fathomed as such by their output.

The crusade needed strong characters, for there was stupendous work to do. The first thing done at the initial conference was to decide upon the route to be traveled in bringing writing men to truth. They said that the main purpose of the Guild was: "1. To unite in its ranks all Catholic writers," in order that the "writers shall become better Catholics and the Catholics better writers." 2. To assure that "Catholic thought on vital questions of the day should receive a proper hearing from the public."

This was a general outline of the proposed path, expressed in more concrete form in a bulletin issued not long afterwards:

- I. To organize a body of men and



HIS EMINENCE PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES

women having two predominant interests in common—the Catholic Faith and writing for publication (the newspaper, magazine, book, screen, stage).

II. To use the united influence of its members to establish a spirit of Good Will towards all creeds and races.

III. To create and maintain a spirit of cordial understanding between the Catholic Church and the Press.

IV. To maintain a central bureau that will refer the question of the Press as to the Catholic viewpoint on current interests to such sources of information as are designated by the ecclesiastical authorities.

V. To keep its members posted as to the Catholic mind on questions of the day by a schedule of instructions.

VI. To encourage and aid Catholics to enter the field of journalism as a career. Universities and colleges canvassed.

VII. To establish a headquarters for meetings that will create a sense of solidarity among the Catholics already engaged in Press work, the Catholic element representing about thirty-five per cent of the whole.

VIII. To establish a writers' exchange—contacts with supply and demand.

IX. To promote all healthy writing and prove that it pays.

In launching forth on this mission, the Guild recognized that the vocation of the writer was a sacred one. It is a talent for the use of which the blessed possessor will be called to a divine accounting. The Rev. John B. Kelly, spiritual director of the Guild, pointed out in one of his addresses that the writer has been dignified from the beginning by God Who made him His confidante. Moses, Samuel, Esdras, Job, and David, and the Prophets and the King, said Father Kelly, were given the surpassing dignity of a vocation that placed the secrets of God in the possession of men for all time.

"The four Evangelists," continued Father Kelly, "have left a word picture of the God-man that should be a source of wonder to the man or woman called to the holy vocation of writing. Here were men who wrote apart without collaboration, and yet they left a record in which there is no contradiction." They indicated an example of truth by which writers might profit when they bring men and thoughts to life on paper.

Naturally coincident, the opportunity of the writer and the danger of his work have grown to monstrous size in this age through the development of press, stage, and screen. Every Catholic writer, says the Guild, owes it to his Church and his God to use his talents for the best good of his faith and the principles of right. "Woe unto you in the day of your judgment," said the Cardinal, "if the talents the Lord has granted unto you have been rolled in a napkin and put away in a safety vault instead of having been used for the honor and glory of God and the service of mankind. As far as your talents will permit, each and every one of you ought to serve to the utmost, so that

God will reign in the world, and our grand and glorious Republic, blessed not only by the benefactions of men, but blessed by the benediction of God, will endure forever."

To this end the Guild makes every effort to influence young Catholic men and women to enter the profession of journalism. The number of Catholics earning their livelihood behind typewriters has always been large, although the number who work for Truth and not Mammon, is not coincident with the enrollment. In the newspaper profession, for one, at least thirty-five per cent are of the Faith; it has even become almost as proverbial for an Irishman, who is generally a Catholic, to be a reporter as it is for one of that race to be a policeman. The Guild set forth its duties in this regard as being "the guidance and inspiration of the young writers. To give them the benefit of our experience and strength, and provide them encouragement and help to overcome the obstacles both to their religion and their art."

In their efforts to assure that "Catholic thought on vital questions of the day should receive a proper hearing from the public," the Guild is ably aided by the National Catholic Welfare Council in Washington, D. C. They both recognize that the American press to-day,

taken in its most inclusive sense, with a few outstanding examples who are commercializing indecency, is not inclined to be malicious. Misrepresentation is made in ignorance or by accident—at times—rarely in malice. Some newspapers even make it a point to refer all items bearing on Catholic faith or morals to a Catholic member of the editorial or reportorial staff for his survey before printing. In this way, they do all possible to secure truthful reporting of such stories. It is a further policy of the news associations and of newspaper publishers to apologize for misstatements that may harm, and to correct them with ample space, but



DR. JAMES J. WALSH

the Guild provides means for making apologies in regard to Catholic facts almost unnecessary. Cardinal Hayes cited an instance of the kind of assistance that members of the Guild can render to the Press in this respect, when he talked at the second meeting of this organization.

"Many a Catholic writer," said His Eminence, "before we had any Guild of this kind, was quietly serving the Church in the right way, and serving truth and justice by being courageous enough to say the right thing to someone down town or up town in our press rooms. There was a very vile book which went through and was sent into the book review department of our great journals a few years ago. The book should not have been touched at all, but when it came to one man who was honest about it, a non-Catholic, he asked his Catholic friend about it. Now, if that Catholic writer had been self-seeking, he might have 'passed it up' and said it was none of his business. But the Catholic writer said: 'That is not true,' and that book was not reviewed. The book came back in a couple of weeks marked that it had to be reviewed, and it was sent back again. That book had to struggle a year and a half to go through those rooms, just because everywhere it went there was some good non-Catholic who consulted some Catholic in the place about it; and only in the end, by means of whatever power was behind it, there was a very brief review, and a very harmless one."

Hugh A. O'Donnell, assistant business manager of the *New York Times*, was recently president of the Guild, serving during 1927 and 1928, and refusing re-election in 1929. Mr. O'Donnell is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame, a former actor of some reputation, former publisher of the *New Orleans American*, and for sometime he toured the largest auditoriums of the metropolitan cities presenting his fascinat-

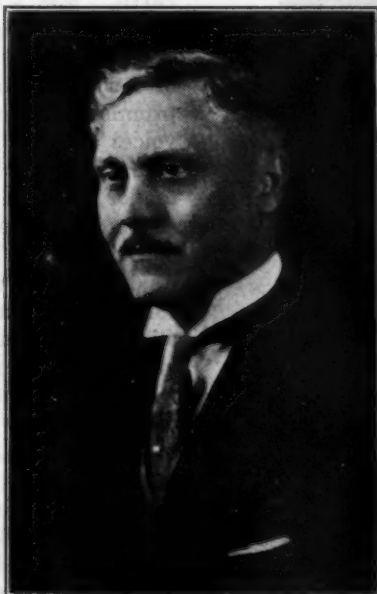
ing O'Donnell logs. In his present position with the *New York Times*, Mr. O'Donnell is frequently called upon by the editors when an article includes references to anything Catholic.

Dr. Walsh succeeded Mr. O'Donnell. It was most fitting that this most noteworthy Catholic writer, lecturer, historian and doctor should be so honored; it is probable that the mantle of the Guild presidency could have fallen upon no more deserving shoulders. All of us know Dr. Walsh as the author of "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries"; many of us know him for his scintillating lectures, and for his editorship of *The Commonweal*, most outstanding Catholic journal by Catholic laymen, but few of us realize the full extent of the services Dr. Walsh has rendered his church with his pen.

Dr. Walsh is a graduate of Fordham University and the University of Pennsylvania, from which he received his doctor of medicine. He also studied in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, and has been awarded honorary degrees by Fordham, Georgetown, and Notre Dame. The New York Academy of Medicine has made him a fellow and he is a Knight Commander of the Papal Order of St. Gregory.

The writings of Dr. Walsh have been chiefly historical and scientific. Some of these have been on the subject of religion and science, as "Catholic Churchmen in Science," "The Popes and Science," and "The Church and Healing"; many have been on the cultural influence of the Church such as his best known book, "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," "The Century of Columbus," "World's Debt to the Catholic Church," "World's Debt to the Irish," and "Our American Cardinals." There have been scientific books, mostly on medical theories and history.

Recently, Dr. Walsh wrote "The History of Nursing," and "Mother Alphonsa." This
(Continued on page 74)



HUGH A. O'DONNELL

A Pilgrimage to Lisieux

NANCY BUCKLEY

EN ROUTE to Lisieux, a little Norman town that is charmingly situated in a valley circled by friendly brown hills, I recalled the pleasant memories of my first visit some years ago. It was therefore with a keen anticipation that I stepped from the train, for was I not returning to see a dearly-loved friend whose kindness has been without limit, and to whom I desired to return my grateful thanks? And this impression of being "at home" in the city of the "Little Flower" was one of the small, yet all-important details that served to make my week's visit of more than passing pleasure. I should have said, my week's pilgrimage, for such I made it, and although I enjoyed the quaint antiquity of the timbered houses and the winding narrow streets, the shrine of the "Little Flower" and the spots hallowed by her presence were ever the main objectives of my daily walks.



THE LITTLE FLOWER

Let me tell you how impressed I was, when in the Chapel of the Carmel I saw the walls lined with marble plaques, expressing the gratitude of the entire universe, it seemed, to the Little Flower. For from the North, the South, the East, and the West, have come these ex-votos. The shower of roses has, indeed, fallen on the uttermost parts of the earth. Lisieux no longer belongs to France, but to all countries. I realized then, in a practical manner, something that I have ever believed in, viz., that the Catholic Church is the greatest organization in the whole world. For, when I saw the Carmel Chapel crowded with citizens of all nations, with the widest diversity of speech and custom, I felt that we were all members of one family, one in faith, one in confidence in God, and one in love for the humble little saint, whose beautiful life, and yet more beautiful death, were the powerful magnets that had drawn us all to this quaint old Norman town.

"I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth," was written by Thérèse just a few weeks before she went to receive the crown of exceeding glory merited by the great holiness of her life. And how well has she kept her promise! From all over the world, pleading voices have called to her for help; broken hearts have pulsed their sad stories into her tender ears; tired and empty hands have lifted before her pitying eyes. Youth, manhood, old age, each with its problems, its difficulties, its defeats, has come to the little Saint for comfort and for healing. And Thérèse's answer to all this confidence, this faith, has been a shower of graces—a very torrent of blessings, a heavy rain of roses that has fallen on a parched and weary earth.

While at Lisieux, I read again "A Little White Flower," the story of Saint Thérèse, a translation of her autobiography by the Rev. Thomas N. Taylor. In the prologue the author speaks of the canonization of the Blessed Thérèse at Rome, May 17th, 1925, and I, who had been likewise privileged to be present on

that wonderful day at St. Peter's, lived again the splendor of that thrilling experience, of that golden occasion, when Pius XI, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, declared her to be a Saint of God's Church; "and we inscribe her in the catalogue of the Saints on September 30th, the day of her heavenly birth." Suddenly, over that vast throng fell the clear, shrill music of the silver trumpets and for the space of an hour, every bell in Rome rang out its joyous refrain. And millions of hearts were thrilling with joy and gratitude. Such a little saint to have all this glory and honor, such a shy, hidden religious to be so singularly honored before the whole world!

It was so interesting to read Thérèse's own story during my pilgrimage. It has an absorbing interest that is lacking even in the best of modern novels; it holds the attention, and, at the same time, stirs the emotions, and moves the heart and will. While visiting "Les Buissonnets," her childhood home, I read over the first chapters wherein Thérèse tells of the happy days that followed after the sad period of her mother's death. In the nursery I saw her toys and balls and dolls, evidence that she enjoyed playing like other little girls, but I also noted the tiny altar that she had made herself, and dressed with flowers and tiny tapers. Even then, the "Little Flower" was opening under the warm sun of God's love.

The bedroom where Thérèse was cured miraculously, has been converted into a chapel. With what a sweet naïveté does Thérèse tell the story of her recovery and the part Our Lady played in it: "Suddenly the statue became animated and radiantly beautiful—with divine beauty that no words of mine can convey. The look upon Our Lady's face was unspeakably kind and sweet and compassionate, but what penetrated to the very depth of my soul was her gracious smile. Instantly all my pain vanished, my eyes filled, and big tears fell silently, tears of purest joy..."

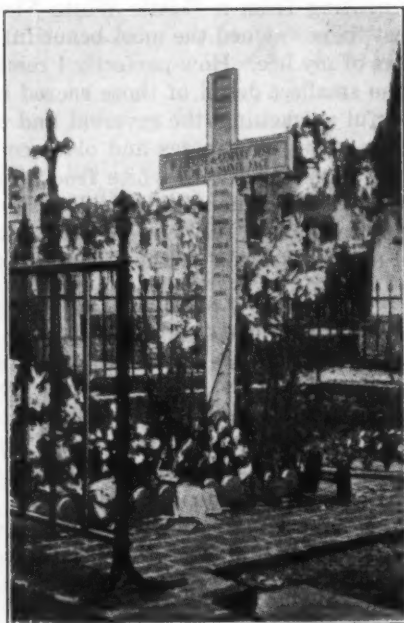
Now come the happy school years at the Benedictine Abbey. As I entered the beautiful chapel of the school where the "Little Flower" made her First Communion, I read her own touching and inspiring description of that memorable day! I cannot refrain from

again quoting from a "Little White Flower": "At last there dawned the most beautiful of all the days of my life. How perfectly I remember even the smallest detail of those sacred hours! The joyful awakening, the reverent and tender embraces of my mistresses and older companions, the room filled with white frocks, like so many snowflakes, where each child was dressed in turn, and, above all, our entrance into the chapel and the melody of the morning hymn."

To read of the vocation of Thérèse, of the difficulties, and the struggles she had to overcome before the gates of Carmel were opened to her eager little feet, is to obtain a very excellent idea of the heroic virtue that even as a very young girl was hers. Often, as I knelt in the Carmel Chapel, I pictured Soeur Thérèse, behind the grille on the right of the High Altar following so perfectly her "own little way." The recital of the innermost secrets of her innocent heart, her days of sunshine, her nights of darkness, make fascinating reading. The dealings of God with her fervent, humble soul, are past all human reckoning. At last she sang the concluding verses of her Canticle of Divine Praise and Glory, and, on the wings of perfect



STREET SCENE IN LISIEUX



TOMB OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

resignation and love, her soul flew to the throne of God. Almost immediately after death did the Little Flower begin her sweet mission of doing good to those on earth. She commenced to scatter the roses of her tender affection upon her clients. And even to-day that fragrant rain of rose petals has not ceased to refresh devoted and pleading hearts.

It would be a truism to state that a visit to Lisieux increases devotion to the Little Saint of that charming Norman town. No one can stay there a day or two, or three, without being drawn closer to the life of "La Petite Thérèse," without learning a little more easily the lessons she so surely teaches, without loving more intensely the Master she so faithfully served.

And so my pilgrimage was not only to Lisieux, but beyond the borders of that quaint town to a land where the supernatural reigns, where a shower of roses is ever falling, where the rich and the poor, the sick and the sorrowful, the happy and the sad, come from the North, the South, the East, and the West, to see the cloistered garden where the Little Flower grew so sweetly, so quietly in the grace and in the love of God.

Marching Words

(Continued from page 71)

last is on Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, "the Rose of all the Hawthornes," who organized a branch of the Third Order of St. Dominic for the care of the cancer poor. Dr. Walsh says he knew her for over thirty-five years. "She was a saint if there ever was one," he says, "and she accomplished wonderful work."

Another important recent publication by the venerable and kindly doctor is "A Golden Treasury of Medieval Literature," which has been highly praised and is meant as a textbook for students of fourth year high school with the idea that if they do not go on to Catholic colleges, they will still have some notion of "the precious treasury of medieval literature and will become inured to the thought that there was some literature before Elizabeth's time." (I quote a recent letter from Dr. Walsh.)

Present offices of the Guild are at 128 West Seventy-first Street, New York City, planned as "a center of information upon Catholic matters for the benefit of the press," and as a place for the gathering of Catholic writers for "interchange of views, experience and knowledge, and most important of all, for a freshening of the spiritual life in them."

The Father Knows

FRANK M. CLARE

The Sunflower bowed her golden head
And gazed upon the sod,
Where Violets offered sweet perfume
As prayers unto God.

She said: "Since crimson dawn to-day
I've watched the glowing sun;
But, little Violets hiding there,
I wonder what you've done?"

"The children love my sweet perfume;
They like my violet hue;
And God, who made the mighty oak,
Has made the flowers, too.

"The forest trees, the fields of grain,
Each little shrub that grows,
Though hidden from the eyes of all,
The Father sees and knows."

Thrilling Episode in Naval Aviation

DWIGHT LLOYD

A NAVY long-range patrol flying boat rescued several army flyers May, 1930, when they landed in a rough sea in Alenuihaha Channel between the islands of Maui and Hawaii. The feat, which was performed by Lieutenant Schur, is a thrilling episode in naval aviation. The rescued army flyers were three members of a United States Army Keystone Bomber from Luke Field, near Honolulu. These men had been forced to take to their parachutes at altitudes ranging from 4,000 to 8,000 feet when the bomber in which they were flying, for some unknown reason, went into a tail spin. A fourth member of the unlucky bomber, Staff Sergeant Joseph Becker, was carried along with the ship—his parachute entangling in the rigging of the plane when it opened before he had fallen clear.

At the time when the army bomber crashed straight down and out of sight leaving nothing but an oil splash on the water, patrol flying boats 4-P-3 and 4-P-8 were about five miles to the northward, having just escorted some army planes to Upolu Point and were returning across Alenuihaha Channel. When the two flying boats received word of the accident by radio, they immediately turned south and rushed to join the group of army bombing planes circling over the water.

The sea was rough, with waves about fifteen feet in height, and a heavy wind blowing down the channel. The patrol boats were ordered to land if necessary, although it seemed impossible that any men, encumbered as they were with parachutes, could be alive in such a sea.

The 4-P-3, however, with Lieutenant

Schur piloting and Lieutenant Hawkins, spotted the three men in the water above to leeward of the spot where the bomber crashed, and successfully landed and rescued the three men.

Previously, two army amphibians had landed, but were unable to maneuver and were helpless to assist. Flying boat 4-P-8, with Commander Herbster and Lieutenant Morgan, came next over the spot, witnessed the rescue and the helpless amphibians, and then remained in the air as plane guard over all three drifting crafts, getting assistance and taking charge of all relief measures.

The 4-P-3, with its rescued army personnel, attempted to taxi to the lee of Maui, but was severely beaten by the seas. This accident occurred at about 11:20 A. M., and it was not until just before sundown that the S. S. *Hawaii* reached the disabled craft. By this time the heavy sea had carried away both wing tip floats, had broken spars of the lower left wing and had buckled the hull, making it necessary to abandon the plane in order to prevent any loss of life.

When a lifeboat from the *Hawaii* reached the flying boat, great difficulty was experienced in taking the crew and rescued men from the 4-P-3, but due to the expert seamanship on the



NAVY LONG RANGE PATROL FLYING BOAT

part of the lifeboat crew this was finally accomplished with no bad results other than a good ducking.

"All hands were hoisted on board the S. S. *Hawaii* via cargo net," says the report from the Naval Air Station at Pearl Harbor to officials at Washington. "This was a great ride, swinging in mid-air, and all were greatly relieved upon hitting the deck. Upon arrival on board, the captain and crew did everything possible to make the personnel comfortable."

The S. S. *Hawaii* then continued to rescue the crews of the army amphibians, guided overhead by a flying patrol boat. "At 7:15 P. M. a red Very's star was sighted almost dead ahead," the report continues. "The lifeboat of the *Hawaii* made contact with the plane and Lieutenant Rawlings, U. S. A., was thrown into the water by a heavy sea. He was hauled out of the water and into the lifeboat without injury. On a second attempt, Sergeant Summers was taken off the amphibian, no injuries being received other than bruises.

"The captain was then requested to search for the other army amphibian (the flying patrol boat in the meantime had departed), but after searching for one hour without results and knowing the U. S. S. *Pelican* was then in the vicinity, it was decided to rush the injured to port.

"The U. S. S. *Pelican* found the other amphibian at 1:15 A. M., May 15th, after more than thirteen hours floating at the mercy of the high seas. The crew was safely removed and the plane taken in tow, but heavy seas several hours later capsized the plane and it sank.

"Search by the *Pelican*, *Sunnadin*, and three flying patrol boats during the next day failed to find a trace of either the abandoned flying boat or the army amphibian, both of which are believed to have sunk due to the heavy seas."

Unquestionably, Lieutenant Schur's landing and rescue showed a high order of courage and skill. The army's landing of two amphibians in their attempt at rescue before the arrival of the flying patrol boat also speaks well for the mettle and courage of the pilots of those planes.

Mere Gold

(Continued from page 67)

You will get your watch, and you have al-

ready found the check enclosed, but you'll have to be satisfied with your Daddy in his old suit. It's Mother's turn to have a new outfit, and believe me, she has the nicest one imaginable.

This is only a hurried note. We will see you soon, but now, I must get busy, for it is Daddy's turn to make much ado about 'MERE GOLD.'

Dearest love from us both.

Your Daddy.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

(Continued from page 78)

When they were coming out of the sacristy, the server took holy water and shared it with Father O'Hara from the tips of his fingers. It was not that this was the first time I had seen such a thing that stimulated me; it was the young man's childlike attitude that drew from me a prayer for him. "Unless ye become as little children..."

(To be continued)

Hymn for Airmen

MARY E. MANNIX

Lord of the water, earth, and sky,
Protect us from Thy throne on high;
And as it leaves the friendly shore,
Above the changing clouds to soar,
From smiling dawn to treacherous dark,
Protect and steer each flying barque.

Lord of the Universe, we pray,
Guard us and guide us on our way.

Lord of the winds that fiercely blow
In lanes no mortal man may know,
As we traverse the chartless air,
Oh, grant us passage calm and fair,
Through ways mysterious and strange,
Lord keep us safe through every change.

Lord of the Universe, we pray,
Guard us and guide us on our way.

Lord of the air, raise up Thy hand
In blessing o'er each daring band,
Challenging fate in every flight
That wings us far from mortal sight,
Through pleasant skies or airways dark,
Lead to its goal each fragile barque.

Lord of the universe, we pray,
Guard us and guide us on our way.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued)

IN *The True Apostolate* (p. 39) Abbe Chantard tells us: "God wills that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, but not more than ourselves, that is, our love for our neighbor should not induce us to neglect ourselves. In practice we are bound to take greater care of our own souls than of the souls of others, for our zeal must be regulated by charity, which begins with ourselves." On the other hand, every person who dwells on the matter realizes that an administrator simply could not meet affably those who seek him nor could he make time for the real needs of all those under his care if he did not strive to see Jesus in each suppliant and welcome each of them as he does the Host each morning.

The papers which follow reveal various stages in the assimilation of this idea.

SOCIAL CONTACT THROUGH HOLY COMMUNION

Never did hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion affect me emotionally more than it did this morning. In order that we could leave for Detroit on time, Father O'Hara said Mass at four o'clock in the Sorin Hall Chapel. There was something wonderful about the fact that the Chapel was crowded at that hour, but what made me realize most what Christ meant when He said we are one in Him was the trooping up for Holy Communion.

No doubt everyone in the Chapel received or they wouldn't be there. Possibly it was the small Communion rail (four can receive at once) that added to the idea of trooping; but the incessant shuffling of men moving in close quarters, the attendance at Mass, and receiving Holy Communion before the journey, the offering of prayers to the Lily of Women under whose protection we live, and the message Knights of the Grail bring to those who are not frequent communicants, and the confidence with which Notre Dame men attempt anything after consecrating themselves to God, all recalled to me Louise Imogen Guiney's "Wild Ride" we heard in class:

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night in their stalls the importunate pawing and
neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back but alert to the
saddle,
Weatherworn and abreast, go men of our galloping
legion,
With a stirrup cup each to the Lily of Women that
loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and
morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that
appall or entice us:
What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are
vowed to the riding.

We spur to the land of no-name, outracing the storm-
wind;
We leap the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil;
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy troopers that
follow.

I was glad to be one of the group, and I thanked God for the privilege and asked Him to bring us all back safely and as pleasing to Him as when we left Sorin Chapel.

MY ROOMMATE: A STUDY IN PERSONALITY

I have been rooming with my cousin, but when we drew for rooms for next year, I picked a friend. Immediately my cousin relayed the news home, and I shall have him again next year. Since we started to prep school I have always had him on my hip; and I have always given in to the arrangement without a struggle, although the acquiescence costs me hours of indecision. I make up my mind that I might just as well blow up now as a half year from now—and yet I know that my aunt has always expected me to put up with her son and appreciates my doing so, even though the matter is never mentioned between us.

My aunt has had a difficult life with her children; and my roommate has worried her more than anyone else. He has vicious moods, he is arrogant and domineering, he always consults only his own wishes in every matter—although he has a kinder side. He has a quick, cutting tongue—and

uses it. Constantly he encroaches on other's rights. (He seems to know no such thing as another's privacy; yet he can be ignorant about locking people when the lights in our room suggest that someone is in.—Perhaps I should be more definite. A theme I wrote about myself, which was rather intimate and recorded things uncomplimentary—private, he took from my desk, read, and worst of all, told other fellows about it. They saw through his injustice and didn't say much about my paper, although he mentioned the matter in my presence and that of another the next day. I wanted to survey for him all that I had put up with from him in the last five years and let him know I was doing it for his mother's sake. He will never suspect how close I came to letting him have it. But I picked up the *Meditation Manual* instead and read about forbearance.

The revulsion against his spying and prying swept me when he mentioned the matter next day; but I went to the Chapel to think it all out—and I am glad I said nothing. Even the fellows who see him mistreat me despise me for my meekness, his mother counts on me; and I shall have to put up with him. If I can learn to accept his riding me in reparation for my neglects of God and of the things of God or purely for love of God, of course I shall be a better Christian.

Last week my parents wrote asking our rector to let me meet them in Chicago this week-end. They suggested in my letter that I bring the cousin. The rector said that he couldn't go unless he had permission from his parents, who are in Florida. I told him to wire them, but he wouldn't. However, he began to sulk and act so cantankerous that I had to spend as much time as possible out of the room—studying in the Library or walking about the fields north of school. That wastes my time, of course, and prevents my getting ahead in my work so that the week-end will handicap me; but silence is the only seeming cure for his black moods, and to attempt to show him where he is wrong or how foolish he is to drive himself to such unhappiness would call from him only sarcastic remarks.

Now that this is all written I can see easily how putting the thoughts into words has cleared up the situation. Since he annoys me so, I must check up on myself to see what I do to irritate him. I recommend a new use for the *Meditation Manual*

—reading a suitable selection whenever you feel like beating up a roommate.

ON THE PASSING OF A FRIEND

Five months ago our high school was graduating its thirteen students; I was among this number. Another young man, a slim youth of seventeen, as salutatorian, and I, as valedictorian, worked together on our final addresses constantly aiming to show our appreciation to those who had trained us.

On the evening of the exercises I could see his eyes bubbling over with enthusiasm as we prepared to appear upon the stage. He was always joyful and a true servant of God. He spent many hours with our Lord in the solitary church, and it was through his everlasting efforts that I was made more enthusiastic in my religion. I was in his company continually, and I always liked to hear him talk of God.

When I left for school, he was there at the station to see me off and to press a sacred medal into my hand as I left. He had been less fortunate than I, as he was unable to afford the expenses of a college education. I saw him murmur a short prayer as I boarded the train.

Last week I received a letter from home, saying that he was critically ill with double pneumonia. I made visits to the Church and Grotto and made Stations daily. I also received Holy Communion every morning. I did this, keeping in mind that he would do the same for me if I were in his plight.

Yesterday a telegram arrived, stating that he had passed away. He had died in the presence of a priest and with a prayer of contrition on his lips.

I firmly believe that he was taken into heaven, the domain of the Master whom he adored so consistently during his earthly career.

We may best close this second unit of our discussion by the addition of a keen observation on the influence of example—the exposed rampart of college life.

GOD IN ALL WE SEE

Because I wanted to get an early start this morning, I went to the 5:30 Mass in Sorin Chapel—and was well repaid for the earlier rising. Father O'Hara's server had sent a substitute, and it was he who brought me closer to God.

(Continued on page 76)

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—There is in the cathedral at Lübeck, Germany, a curious clock which has on the end of its hour hand another tiny clock, which goes round and round the larger dial, always keeping exact time with it. In a Swiss museum there is a watch that is only three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. It is inserted in the top of an old fashioned pencil case. Its dial indicates not only the hours, minutes, and seconds, but also days of the month.

—Totenglocke, Requiem-Bell of Roveredo Castle at Etschtal in the Indian Tyrol, one of the largest bells in the world, was made of material from the guns of all the nations engaged in the World War. It has rung every evening for the last five years in memory of the War dead.

—The "Great Chalice of Antioch," a silver cup, which was found in 1910 by Arabs who were digging a well at Antioch, will soon be removed from a New York vault, where it has been for safe-keeping, and sent to Paris as part of an exhibition of Christian art to be held at the Louvre. The chalice is about eight inches high and consists of an inner cup of silver, crudely made and without a base. Some have thought it might be the "Holy Grail," but evidence seems to be against this opinion.

—At noon of April 14, the citizens of Chicoutimi, Quebec, witnessed a very strange phenomenon when for more than two hours they saw a heavy downpour of rain laden with black mud that stained handkerchiefs and paper outspread to catch it.

—Plans are being made for the erection of a colossal statue of St. Francis in San Francisco. He is the patron of that city. An artist in Carmel is making a model of a statue which would be 300 feet high, while another in Paris has completed a model for one that would be 360 feet high. This statue would be for San Francisco what the Statue of Liberty is for New York.

—The third Quinquennial National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis will be held in San Francisco from August 8 to 12.

—Not a single Catholic Army Chaplain attended the solemn burial of General Bernheim, war commander of the Belgian troops, as a protest against the practice of cremation. The General had requested that his body be cremated. This is forbidden by the Church.

—It is estimated that 2,500,000 persons, including 2,000,000 Protestants, have abandoned their church affiliations in Germany since the World War. Approximately 65,000 residents of the city of Berlin withdrew from churches in 1930, compared with 31,000 in 1925. Free thinkers have 2,000 societies with 500,000 members in the nation.

—A senator from the state of Vera Cruz (True Cross) in Mexico has declared publicly that "the authorities who govern the state are determined that

there shall remain neither a priest nor a church in the state of Vera Cruz."

—Though Archbishop Diaz lauds Rubio's work and says animosities are being dropped and a new friendly spirit being created, still the Church is far from peaceful in Mexico. The mayor of Nuevo Urecho, a small town of Michoacan, entered a Catholic church one Sunday morning, ransacked the parish archives, and scattered papers all over the floor. With the aid of his secretary, he burlesqued the Sacrament of Penance in one of the confessionals, then before the Tabernacle, he stopped to utter blasphemous things. Protests of the people to the authorities received no consideration and by way of revenge for the attempt made to prosecute him, the mayor ordered suspension of electric light service in the church.

—The Pontifical Biblical Institute in Jerusalem under the Reverend Alexius Mallon, S. J., has made some important excavations in Transjordan some five miles to the north of the Dead Sea. The findings indicate that a large city existed there, perhaps two cities some twenty centuries before Christianity. Scientists think they may be Sodom and Gomorrha.

—A Methodist minister, the Reverend Mr. Isackson, donned for a day the robes of a hobo and went from dispensary to dispensary to test for himself the "charity" of charitable institutions. He was turned down at three Protestant agencies and finally found help at the St. Vincent de Paul bureau.

—2550 councils of the Knights of Columbus in this country have secured a total of 73,950 jobs for the jobless of all races and creeds during the present business depression.

—The Congregation of the Council has published a decree calling attention to the canons forbidding the use of consecrated bells for profane purposes except for a case in very unusual circumstances, and then only with the approval of the Bishop.

—Two new bishops have been named by Rome to fill the Sees of Toledo, Ohio, and Denver, Colorado. They are respectively the Reverend Dr. Karl J. Alter, Director of the Catholic School of Social Service and the Rt. Reverend Mgr. Urban J. Vehr, Rector of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati.

—Sister Mary Landi, a remarkably pious woman of Naples and a tertiary of the Order of St. Francis, died recently and after her death it was discovered that she bore in her body the stigmata or wounds of our Savior. The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples has appointed a committee of three doctors and three assistants to conduct an examination of the body. Sister Mary Landi consecrated herself at an early age to God in a form of religious life common in southern Italy. Without joining any community, she made the vows and wore the religious garb, but while staying in her own home, she did much good by example and charity.

—117 Negro converts received solemn baptism on April 12 at St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, from the Rt. Rev. Bishop A. Verstraelen, S. V. D., Vicar Apostolic of the Little Sundae Islands, Dutch East Indies, who was visiting Techny. This class brings the total number of converts instructed and received into the Church by the Reverend Joseph Eckert, S. V. D., during the ten years of his missionary work among the colored people of Chicago to a grand total of 1572.

—The total enrollment in Catholic elementary schools for the year 1929-1930 was 2,216,000. This is an increase of 20,431 over the year 1928—a gain of approximately one per cent.

—Father Tierney, Superior of St. Columban's Mission at Kiencheng, China, died in the hands of Communists. He was captured last November 17. A ransom of \$40,000 was demanded for his release. Brutally treated, scourged and starved, he fell a victim to malaria and exhaustion on March 5.

—Two Spanish Jesuits, Fathers Hildago and Avito, were captured in China last April by the Communists. A Jesuit lay brother, Brother Joseph Joaristi, volunteered to be taken prisoner for the release of one of the Fathers. The Communists accepted the substitution because of Brother Joaristi's nursing skill. A number of priests and brothers have offered themselves for the release of the other Spanish Father. These two priests were removed to twenty-eight different hiding places during the nine months of their captivity.

—The Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, is showing his love for the foreign missions by many favors. He has created Dr. William J. Fernandes of Madras, India, a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, while three Catholics of the Gold Coast, West Africa, he has honored in a manner somewhat similar. Mr. Francis William Haizel Cobbina received the decoration "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" while Mr. J. M. Acquah and Mr. Amisshah received the medal "Bene Merenti." All three have done outstanding work for the Catholic missions in their native lands.

—Reverend Joseph Klemann, O. S. F. S., who has been appointed to the Apostolic Vicariate of S. W. Africa, was once a humble lay brother in the Benedictine Priory of the Sacred Heart at Innsbruck, Tyrol. There he was known as Brother Robert. When he felt called to study for the priesthood, it was necessary for him to leave the Order since, according to Canon Law, he could not be advanced to the priesthood as a member of the order in which he was a lay brother. With his superiors' consent he joined the Salesian Fathers, became a missionary priest, and has now received episcopal consecration.

Benedictine

—The Rt. Rev. Chas. H. Mohr, O. S. B., S. T. D., died at St. Leo's Abbey, Florida, on Good Friday. Abbot Charles was one of the first three Fathers sent from St. Vincent's Archabbey in 1890 to teach in the newly opened college. In 1894, St. Leo's became a

Priory with Father Charles as Prior, and in 1902, it was raised to the dignity of an Abbey and Father Charles was named Abbot. For some years he had not been actually engaged in ruling his monastery but had been relieved by a Coadjutor Abbot.

—On April 24 the Reverend Alexius Hoffmann celebrated his golden jubilee as a member of the Order of St. Benedict. He is a member of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota. Of him the *St. John's Record* says, "to those who have a direct connection with him he is an inspiration. As professor, priest, and writer he has won the friendship and lasting admiration of hundreds who have enjoyed his classes and occasional chats."

—The story of "An Apostle of Suffering in our Day; Sister M. Annella, O. S. B.," can now be had in pamphlet form from The Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Indiana. This pamphlet is a reprint from *The Grail* of July 1929, with 26 pages and 13 illustrations. This saintly Sister was a member of the Community at St. Joseph, Minnesota. She died at the age of 26 on August 14, 1926. The story of her patience under sufferings will be an inspiration to many.

—Have the Benedictines any foreign missions? Yes, in almost every country on the Globe. *Catholic Missions* for April 1931, states that the Benedictine Order with its various branches was transplanted in the sixteenth century to Brazil, in the nineteenth and twentieth to South Africa. Missions were opened in Mauritius in 1827, in West Australia in 1830 and 1847; in southern and northern America, Canada and the Philippines, among the Red Indians of Oklahoma and Rio Branco. Recently new fields have been opened in Dar-es-Salaam, Lindi, Zululand (Africa), and in Wonsan, Ilan, and Yenki in northern Korea. The Abbey of St. Andrew Belgian Congo, and the same Abbey has undertaken a foundation in Szechuan, China.

Medical Supplies for the Missions

The Catholic Medical Mission Board at 10 West 17th Street, New York, collects and ships to needy missions, both in this country and abroad, quantities of medicines, instruments, bandages and dressings to enable the missionaries to take care of the destitute and suffering.

Last year the Board sent out twenty thousand pounds of such supplies to two hundred mission stations all over the world, and most touching letters have been received telling of the immense good done for the souls as well as the bodies of the poor pagans, who eagerly listened to Christian teaching after they had experienced this Christian charity. One Sister reports that she is often able to baptize as many as thirty-five dying babies in one day through gaining access to the homes by giving medicines.

Individuals and groups of people are asked to make bandages and dressings and to collect medicines and other supplies. This is very interesting work for Catholic societies to undertake.

Full information and directions for the work will be given to all those who write to Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., Director of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, at the headquarters, 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

I would like to ask you a question about Rudolph Valentino. He was married three times and divorced three times and was getting ready to be married a fourth time, still, when he died, he was buried from the Catholic Church. I always understood that anyone who has been divorced is out of the Church and cannot be buried from the Church.—Bloomington, Ind.

Whilst your editor is not fully informed about all the marriage affairs of Rudolph Valentino, still he does know that Valentino was reconciled to the Church before his death and made apology for the scandal given. Under such circumstances the Church does not deny Christian burial. But why concern yourself with someone like Valentino? There are plenty of good ordinary men whose saintly lives should be of interest to you rather than the affairs of some notorious actor, whose life was not a credit to his religion and who was not a model in any way of true manly character or heroic virtue.

NOTE: Your other question shows that you would do well to take hold of your good old catechism again and study what your Church teaches concerning divorce. Your statement that the girl did nothing out of the way in marrying the divorced man shows how lacking you really are in knowledge of the teaching of your Holy Church on the matter of divorce.

Is Valeria a Saint's name?—Hartford, Conn.

Yes. In fact, there are several beautiful Saints of that name.

May a Catholic attend an organ recital given in a Protestant church?—Lowell, Mass.

If this recital is given as a musicale simply and has nothing in the way of a religious service connected with it, then there would be no wrong in attending the concert.

Please tell me the story of the Holy Grail.—New York.

You will find your petition beautifully answered in the Children's Corner of the April 1931 issue of THE GRAIL.

Suppose I have given up dancing for Lent, which lasts only forty days, am I permitted to dance on Sundays during Lent? If I do not dance on Sundays, that would make it more than forty days that I have to give it up.—Hartford, Conn.

It really would be quite terrible, would it not, to have to give up dancing for forty-six days? Your question shows by its very nature that you may be overdoing the matter of dancing. Dancing on Sunday is not the best way to observe the law of keeping holy the Lord's day. And the apparent reluctance to give up dancing entire-

ly during the penitential season shows that you think more of dancing than you should. Your editor cannot refrain here from quoting a well-known American Bishop: "If it is the physical exercise you crave, you will find that making the Way of the Cross two or three times a day during Lent will prove a beneficial substitute for the dance."

To what Saint should I pray for my father who is a confirmed drunkard?—New York.

The editor would ask you to pray to the Patron Saint of your own father. In this connection, too, you should not overlook the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is the Mother of all sinners. A very beautiful thing also that you might do is to offer up prayers and sacrifices in honor of Our Savior's thirst in His bitter agony and death. You surely deserve credit for resorting to prayer in the matter.

Please give me a little information on the famous Concordat of Fontainebleau between Napoleon and Pope Pius VII.—New York.

The answer to your query would take more space than is allotted to the editor of this column. Let me ask you to read your answer in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. X, Page 697.

A short time ago I was sponsor for a baby at baptism. The priest told me to say the Apostles' Creed and in the middle of it I got puzzled and did not finish it. Did that make the baptism of the baby invalid?—New York.

No. You need never let the matter worry you again.

Is there any possibility of salvation for a person who has committed abortion?—Can the sin of abortion be forgiven by any priest?—Evansville, Ind.

The sin of abortion is certainly a grave matter. First of all, it is the murder of the body; and then, what is worse, the unbaptized soul of an unborn babe is sent into eternity without any chance of ever seeing the face of God. The sin of abortion is one whose absolution is reserved to the Bishop. The Bishop can delegate a priest in his name to give the absolution. Like any other sin, if one is truly repentant, goes to confession, performs the given penance, and then never commits the sin again, that person will surely have the sin forgiven and be saved.

Who is the Patron Saint of Ohio?—Akron, Ohio.

The individual States do not have Patron Saints. The Blessed Virgin Mary, under title of The Immaculate Conception, is Patroness of the United States as a whole.

Is the medal of Saint Benedict a miraculous medal?—Newark, N. J.

The medal of Saint Benedict is not to be confused with another popular medal called "the miraculous medal." But numerous miracles have been wrought through the Benedictine medal. Happily, the devotion to the medal of Saint Benedict is growing widely and rapidly and, as a son of Saint Benedict himself, the editor of this column very highly recommends its use and devotion to the same.

Is Floyd the name of a Saint?—Akron, Ohio.

By some students of language the name Floyd is considered a variant form of Claude and, if that is the case, then Floyd would be a Saint's name. By others the name is not considered as coming in any way from the name of a Saint.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

WHAT THE INDIANS HAVE GIVEN US

When the white man came to America, the Indians were scattered all over the continent. Many of them were nomads, living in temporary villages and changing their domiciles with the seasons. Others were more settled and engaged to a considerable degree in agriculture. Indian farming, primitive as it was, had the distinction of contributing to the civilized world several products that have swept around the world.

The Indians grew a plant called tobacco, which they dried and smoked in peculiar pipes they had devised for the purpose. Europeans had never seen this done before, but almost overnight they acquired the habit. Tobacco farming became a leading industry in the colonies, and its product is one of the most widely used in the world.

Another agricultural product which the Indians have given us was the potato. It has become one of the great foods of the world. The plant from which it came grows wild to-day in the Rocky Mountains. The tomato was another American member of this group of plants. It took Europeans two hundred years to discover that the "love apple" as it was called, was fit for food. Maize, or Indian corn, was another very important crop produced by the Indians but unknown to Europe. It to-day produces more wealth than any other crop in the United States.

When the Spaniards came to Mexico, they found the natives playing a game with a ball which had a strange proclivity for bouncing. It was made from a liquid obtained by cutting into the trunk of a certain tree. It was rubber, another product given to the world by the American Indian.

THE INDIANS' DEGRADATION

When the white man came to America, he settled down, without asking permission of anyone, on the red man's lands. At that time the Indians were healthy, stalwart people, of fine physique, and sickness was almost unknown among them. But as the white man began pressing them westward, little by little, their farm lands and hunting grounds were taken away, until at last, the conquest of the West, his last stronghold, led to his confinement on the reservations. This was the beginning of his degradation. He might no longer fare afield and live by the hunt, nor might he make war on the white man or rival tribes. He had to

sit in idleness on the reservations, and wait for the Government to dole out rations to him. There was nothing to do; the land was unprofitable, dry; there was no game to hunt; there was no work to do. It was a life which no race nor individual could endure without injury. As a result, the Indian, who had wrested a living from Nature almost with his bare hands, became of necessity an idler. He was called idle, lazy, a reputation which he never deserved. It was forced upon him.

Then the Government instituted education for the Indian. It gave him grammar, high school, even college education, but after he graduated, what was there for him to do? He drifted back to his reservation, and again took up his idle life. It would seem that unless the Government institutes factories or some other means of livelihood right on the reservation, our American Indians must continue to live their useless, unhappy lives. For they do not really live; they only exist—and that existence is often most miserable. They are distressingly poor, undernourished, and die from tuberculosis seven times as fast as white people, and twice as many Indian babies die as do white babies. William Atherton Du Puy, who made a survey of the Indian question, writes: "The Indian must be given money-earning work to do, (if he is to better himself). He must be put to work at the white man's tasks, (instead of sitting around idle on the reservations). He must be put into civilization; he must mix with civilized people, blend and intermix and become one people with us."

The Indians when in their prime were a noble people; there was nothing weak or pusillanimous about them. They were stoics, and faced their problems and troubles bravely, often taking the most heroic way of solving them. Even now, they suffer in silence; in bewildered pain, they accept their suffering as something that cannot be helped; their rebellions in the past were all put down by soldiers with shotguns; they were punished until all the backbone has been taken out of them.

Our missionaries write that the conditions they meet with are often heart-rending. Governments move slowly; perhaps some day something great and all-embracing may be done for these poor people. Until then, it rests with us, who have Christ's charity in our hearts, to help these poor little ones of God so that they may not perish body and soul.

There are some who say, "we have plenty of unemployed in our own cities; we need not go out to the wilderness to hunt up unfortunate souls." Perhaps; but is it fair to permit these souls out in the wilderness to perish? We must help all a little; the unemployed man comes to our door and asks us to purchase an apple or a tiny bag of peanuts, or some matches that we do not need. Well and good; let those of us who are blessed, buy something of him; the

nickel or dime will not be noticed. But there are souls out in the wilderness who have not even the chance to go from door to door to sell apples or peanuts or matches. They live out on a great, open waste—nothing but open country for miles and miles, as far as the eye can see; no cities; no place to earn a living; often but little rain to moisten the land and germinate the seeds the missionaries give the Indians to plant; no irrigation to help along what the rain fails to do. We must not forget these languishing souls; we must help them too. God expects it of us; He loves to see us help one another. To some He has given more wealth than to others; would that some of those wealthy men who settle huge endowments on hospitals and universities, would think of our needy missions out West! It would be doing a real charity to help these poor people out of the misery in which they grovel. But alas! There is less glory in helping the missions than in erecting magnificent buildings bearing the wealthy men's names, whose charitable fame will thus be carried down to posterity. But let us always remember what Our Lord said about not letting our left hand know what our right is doing. Those who have all the fame on earth, through their ostentatious charitable works, will have none in Heaven, and Eternity is a good deal longer than the few paltry years allotted to us here on earth.

SHOWING ST. THERESE'S GREAT POWER

Dear Rev. Father:—

No doubt you are surprised to hear from me, but I have not forgotten you or the little Indians at the School. I want to tell you about a favor I received that I consider nothing less than a miracle. I was out of employment from April 30 to Nov. 10 of last year. There were 120,000 people out of work here, every shop and factory shut down, and now it is not much better. You could not buy a position of any kind, and I was just about down and out. In my desperation I had recourse to the Little Flower, starting a novena to her on the first of October, and asking her to find me a position by the first of November. I repeated the novena all during October. Conditions were getting worse every day.

But strange to say, on the 30th of October, at 3:30, the doorbell rang; I went to answer it, and was handed a special-delivery letter, with instructions to call on a man at his home that evening. I went over, and HE GAVE ME ONE OF THE BEST POSITIONS I HAVE EVER HAD! I started work on the FIRST OF NOVEMBER, as I had requested of St. Therese, and have had steady work every day since. There is nothing in the world I would not do for the Little Flower. As soon as I get on my feet again, I want a shrine some place for her; perhaps you can suggest something I can do for her. I enclose a dollar for her altar. Please tell everybody about the miracle she did for me! Tell the little Indians to pray to her for me, and I will surely help them!

Sincerely,

F. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

FATHER ABBOT VISITS STEPHAN, S. D.

The illness of Father Pius Boehm brought Father Abbot Ignatius from St. Meinrad on a visit. He came through Marty, S. D., where St. Paul's is located, and had with him Father Edward Eisenman, a brother of Father Sylvester, and Father Stephen Thuis, a Benedictine Father who intends remaining in Dakota for awhile to regain his health. Father Edward acted as chauffeur. The children awaited the visitors with great eagerness; all were filled with expectation, as these visits are real events to them.

They arrived at ten o'clock in the evening, "right along with Amos an' Andy," as Father Sylvester says. Father Edward developed a case of neuralgia and a sinus disturbance, and the nurse worked on him strenuously until he felt better. Father Stephen was tired out. During Father Abbot's stay at Stephan, all business affairs were put in order, and the care of the school and mission was put entirely on the shoulders of Father Justin.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

The advent of Father Stephen at Marty means a great deal to the school. He is one of the big musicians at St. Meinrad Abbey. Notre Dame University has conferred on him the degree of "Master of Music." His specialty is Gregorian Chant. During his leisure moments, he will train the children at Marty in Gregorian Chant. The children have been doing exceptionally well in their choir work, but what will it be

(Continued on page 94)



REV. DAMIAN PRESKE, O. S. B.



AGNES BROWN HERING

VACATION

When school and lessons are over,
How jolly it is to be free,
Away in fields of alfalfa,
The favorite haunts of the bee.

Out in the woods for a ramble,
Where happily all day long,
The birds in bush and bramble,
Are filling the air with song.

Down to the sweet-scented valley,
To follow the gurgling brook,
Or sit on the bank and idly
Toy with a line and hook.

Away from the hustle and bustle,
The din of the town left behind;
Vacation hardens the muscle,
While school improves the mind.

What is the need of worry?
There are no lessons to learn,
No bell to make us hurry
And not a duty to spurn.

So play till the face grows rosy,
And muscles grow bigger, and then
September will find us ready
To go at the lessons again.

THE LAYING ON OF HANDS

"While I was away on my trip last summer," said Daddy as the family gathered around the library table in the big cheery living room, "I was present at the ordination of a number of priests. The sight was most impressive. Do you know what sacrament they received, children?"

"The sacrament of Holy Orders," shouted both Betty and Bobby at once.

"That is right who were the very first priests? Can you tell me that?" This question made the children knit their brows.

"I think the apostles were," answered Bobby slowly.

"Yes, you are right. Our Lord made them priests at the Last Supper. And when was the Last Supper?"

"I know, I know," Betty chirped. "It was on Holy Thursday evening, the day before the first Good Friday."

"You speak correctly, Betty. Our Lord made the apostles priests and bishops, too, and then it was that He instituted the sacrament of Holy Orders. This sacrament gives priests the power and grace to perform their sacred duties. Bishops receive a higher

power than priests, for, like the apostles, they rule the Church in the name of Our Lord. And just as St. Peter was the head of the apostles, so the Pope is the head of the bishops. The pope has the right to say who shall be consecrated bishops; and the bishop has the right to say who shall be ordained priests."

"Daddy, if the bishop were sick on ordination day who would take his place?" asked Betty.

"Well, Betty, if the bishop were unable to be present, the ordination would have to be put off till some other time, or another bishop would have to be called in, for no priest has the power to give Holy Orders. Do you know of any other sacrament that the bishop alone can give?"

"Confirmation, Daddy," replied Bobby.

"It is true that the bishop is the ordinary or usual minister of confirmation," Daddy affirmed, "but in certain cases the Holy See gives permission to priests to administer this sacrament. This happens especially in mission lands where there is no bishop. Besides this, there are a number of Benedictine monasteries which have a small diocese of their own. In these cases the Abbot of the monastery, although he may not have been consecrated a bishop, is empowered to administer confirmation in his own diocese. There are two such monasteries in North America: one in North Carolina and the other in Canada."

"Daddy, tell us about the ordination that you saw," coaxed Betty.

"Well, I can tell you a little about it, perhaps, but the ceremonies must really be seen to be appreciated. To begin with, before a young man can receive the priesthood," explained Daddy, "he must have received the four minor orders, besides having been ordained a subdeacon and then a deacon."

"What are all those things, Daddy?" asked Bobby. eagerly.

"The first orders that the seminarian gets from the Bishop are called Minor Orders. There are four of these orders and they are called 'ostiary' or porter 'lector' or reader, 'exorcist'—which gives the power to drive out evil spirits, and 'acolyte' or Mass server. The next higher is subdeacon, then deacon. A young man must receive all these orders one after the other before the bishop may ordain him to the priesthood."

"Did you see all these things, Daddy?" Betty wanted to know.

"No dear! These orders had been given beforehand."

"What did you see, Daddy, and where was it?"

"I happened to be near the seminary at St. Meinrad at the time of the ordinations and I was invited to attend the ceremonies. Many others were there for the same purpose. Some of them were the parents, or brothers and sisters, relatives or friends."

"Oh, hurry, Daddy, it takes so long till we find out."

"Patience, my dears, there is much to tell. It was a beautiful morning towards the end of May. Many were gathered in front of the great Abbey church, waiting for the services to begin. The band began to play off in the distance. Then a great long line of seminarians, dressed in cassock and surplice started from the entrance of the seminary and marched to the church. Priests, monsignors, and the bishop were at the end of the long line. All entered the church. Those who were going to be ordained went up into the sanctuary.

"The deacons, who were soon to be priests, were vested in long white albs that were bound at the waist by the cincture. Over this they wore the deacon's stole over the left shoulder and crossed on the right side at the hip. On the left arm they wore the maniple. Besides this, they carried the Mass vestment in the left arm and a candle in the right hand.

"During the ceremony they lay face downward on the floor before the altar while the litany of All Saints was sung. When the litany was over, they rose up on their knees and then went up to the upper step of the altar, where the bishop sat. Laying his hands on the head of each in turn, the bishop invoked the Holy Ghost upon them. The many priests who were present in chasuble or Mass vestment did the same thing. It was surely an impressive sight.

"When this ceremony was over, the bishop crossed the stole of each over the breast, as the priest wears it, and the Mass vestment was placed on each one, but with this difference that the vestment was folded up on the back. The bishop then consecrated the palms of the hands and forefingers and thumbs of each with holy oil and bound their hands together with a white cloth.

"In the ceremony that followed the bishop held in his hands a chalice with wine that was covered with the paten or little golden plate on which was a large altar bread. But this bread and wine were not to be consecrated. Each new priest touched them, and as he did so, the bishop spoke these words: 'Receive the power to offer sacrifice to God, and to celebrate Mass both for the living and the dead. In the name of the Lord.'

"Aren't you tired out now with this great long story?"

"No, Daddy, go on. Let's hear it all. What was done next?" Betty inquired with eagerness.

"The new priests now went to the sacristy to remove the cloths from their hands and wash off the holy oil. This being done, they returned to the sanctuary and took their places at kneeling benches that had been put there for them. On each bench was a missal or mass book.

"Now began something very interesting. All the new priests said the rest of the Mass out loud with the

bishop at the altar. They began with the Offertory where the bread and the wine are offered up. They said everything with the bishop, even the words of consecration so that all who were in the big church could hear every word. In this way they went through the whole Mass.

"Towards the end of the Mass, after Holy Communion was over, the newly ordained said the Apostles' Creed out loud, the bishop again laid hands on the head of each and gave them the power, as ministers of God, to forgive sins. Over each he pronounced the words: 'Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them. Whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' This over, the bishop took hold of the chasuble that was folded on the back of each and let it down full length. The young men were now full-fledged priests.

"The blessing was then given and the last Gospel of the Mass was read. The beautiful ceremony of the ordination was over. The great church was packed full of people who had come to see the grand ceremonies. Relatives and friends now came crowding up to the Communion railing to get the first blessing of the newly ordained priests. Many a tear of joy ran down the cheek, many an eye glistened with a tear that did not flow."

"Oh, Daddy, that must have been a grand sight," suggested Betty, who had listened most earnestly. "Can't we go sometime to see the ordinations?"

"I hope so, my dears, sometime."

"Where did all the new priests go, Daddy?" Bobby wanted to know.

"After they had said their Masses at home, I suppose some were given parishes and others went to the missions in Africa or China or somewhere else. In some little chapel far away across the seas they are perhaps now teaching the children of pagan parents to know God, to love Him, and serve Him."

"Daddy, your stories help us to understand the meaning of the sacraments better," Betty smiled lovingly.

Coming close and whispering into Daddy's ear, Bobby wanted to know whether he could some day be a priest too.

"Surely, son, if you are a good boy, learn your lessons well, and have the desire. When you are a little older you can go to the seminary to prepare yourself for that holy state. Won't Daddy be happy to have a boy a priest?"

"How long will it take, Daddy, to become a priest?"

"A long time, son. See there are four years of high school, four years college, and then four more years of theology. How many years does that make?"

"Four and four make eight and four more make twelve," replied the little mathematician.

"I am glad if I have helped my little ones to understand better these holy sacraments. Now let me tell you what you do, if you want to understand them still better. Ask mother to send to some Catholic bookstore, or to Benziger Brothers, for 'Our Sacraments,' in which these holy sacraments are nicely explained by Father William Kelley. Ask her to order with it a

companion book with exercises and drills on the matter contained in 'Our Sacraments.' Because of the review work it gives in the form of Questions, Word Studies, Completion Tests, Oral and Written Summaries. I am sure that will help you to enjoy and appreciate this book. They do not cost much. I rather think you have enough in your savings bank to buy them both."

Away skipped Betty to carry her message to mother, but Bobby lingered by Daddy's side and again whispered his secret desire into Daddy's ear.

With a generous hug Daddy said good night to his little priest, then sat back in his chair to finish his cigar and think as he puffed out clouds of smoke how he might help Bobby to carry out his heart's desire.

EVANGELINE'S GRAVE

Pupils in the grades and in high school will study Longfellow's "Evangeline" this year as they have done for decades past and will in imagination follow her footsteps from Acadia to Louisiana and back to Philadelphia where she finds Gabriel, the lover of her youth, for whom she has made a life-long search. The author says, "Side by side in their nameless graves the lovers are sleeping."

We learn now that the grave of Evangeline, at least, is no longer to be nameless. In real life the heroine of the poem was known as Emeline Labiche. Necessary funds have been supplied by a council of the Knights of Columbus to mark the grave with an appropriate monument.

According to a recent statement made by the press, Evangeline remained in Louisiana until the time of her death and was buried in the parish churchyard of St. Martinville near the church of St. Martin established in 1765 by Rev. Gene François, a Capuchin missionary.

THE MORNING CALL

Ma comes and calls at early dawn,
An' I say: "Yessum!"
She calls again and I just yawn
An' answer: "Yessum!"

I love to lie just half awake,
An' dream of fishin' in the lake;
An' smell the buckwheat batter cake,
An' answer: "Yessum!"

Again she comes an' gives her call,
An' I say: "Yessum!"
I don't git up ner stir at all;
I just say: "Yessum!"

An' then she hollers, "William,
You've got yer mornin' chores to do,
You'll have to hustle to git through!"
An' I say: "Yessum!"

Each mornin' it is that there way:
I just say: "Yessum!"
She calls and calls and I just say:
"I'm comin'! Yessum!"

Then Dad comes and hollers: "Bill!"
An' then I stop my lyin' still,
An' go to dressin' with a will,
An' holler: "Comin'!"

LETTER BOX

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Must the poor old LETTER BOX be alone and lonely all during the long happy vacation? Let us hope not. If you are looking for a brand new correspondent permit me to introduce to you Miss Eileen Forrester, age 13, who expects to enter high school in September, she attends Holy Rosary school. She gives her address as 511 Fairwood Ave., Col., O.

Now if you can figure out where she lives, you can do better than I. Does she live in Colorado or in Ohio? Guess you'll have to enlighten us, Eileen.

We have many members in the Windy City and here is another, so if you should be in doubt as to the whereabouts of Eileen, you may write to Helen Farrell, 6403 Rhodes Ave., Chicago. She has read THE GRAIL for two years and has "enjoyed it immensely." Thanks, Helen. Come again.

From across the briny deep comes a request for pen pals. A neat typewritten letter is signed by Carmen G. Vasquez whose address is Sto. Tomas, Jaen, Nueva, Ecija, Philippine Islands. How many of you correspond with one outside the U. S. A.?

Alice Fitzgerald, 87 South St., Waterbury, Conn., writes to win a B-Z-B button, and you may read her letter if you wish. Why do not some of you who have Fidelity Buttons try to win one of the others. I am sure you enjoy reading these good letters, and others may enjoy yours.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

Here I am back again. This time for the purpose of obtaining a "B-Z-B Button." I am very fond of the "Fidelity Button." It is very pretty.

I won many correspondents through the corner but would like a few more.

For my subject I choose a beautiful scene the "Niagara Falls."

Of all the scenes on this earth of ours I think Niagara Falls is the prettiest.

The waters of Lake Erie come down in the courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and Lake Huron, and these waters fall into Lake Ontario. The falls of Niagara are formed by a sudden break in the level of this rapid river.

At Niagara the water never fails. It thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases. Above the falls for more than a mile the water leaps and bursts over the rapids. Here the river is very broad and comparatively shallow. The waters are a delicious green.

At the upper end of Goat Island the waters are divided and come down in two courses, each over its

own rapids forms two separate falls. It makes a very pretty scene as it flows down the bank forming scallops. It is composed on both sides by banks of emerald green.

To realize Niagara you must sit there till you see nothing but water and hear nothing but its trembling racket as it gushes forth.

Well, Aunt Agnes, I hope you and your nieces and nephews, who have not had the opportunity to see this beautiful sight, will have such a treat in the near future.

Your nephews are slipping don't you think.

I will close, wishing your "Corner" success.—I am, Alice M. Fitzgerald, 87 South St., Waterbury, Conn.

Believe it or not! Here comes George Reynolds from Norwood, Ohio, 1755 Hopkins Ave., saying that by actual count he has gained THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY pen pals through the CHILDREN'S CORNER of *The Grail*! Is there anyone who can beat that record? If there is such a one, let him write and tell us immediately! Read this letter from George for yourself, and will one of you send him a copy of this issue of *The Grail*? Let us know if you will do so.

Mary Ann Stanek, 4571 W. 15th St., Cleveland, Ohio, writes to supply the address she omitted in a former letter. Now you know where she is, so write to her if you wish.

Laverne Michaels, 401 9th Ave., South, St. Cloud, Minn., is a new member who wishes to receive letters from others. She is 14.

Dear Miss Herring:

It has been five years now since I last wrote a letter to the "Corner." During that time I have corresponded with young people in all parts of the world; persons who obtained my address and name out of the *Grail* magazine. By actual count, these pen friends totaled three hundred and sixty. Such a generous response was gratifying I assure you but it was not my intention to correspond on a "wholesale basis." Therefore I found it quite impossible to answer all of the letters received but I wish to thank all who took the trouble to write to me, for same.

I have not been able to keep in touch with some of my most intimate pen friends as I have misplaced the addresses, etc., but if any of you should remember me, consider this letter as "Hello" from your old friend and drop me a line if you wish.

I hope you will present this letter in the next issue of the *Grail*, Miss Herring, as I have no other means of informing my former Cornerites of my whereabouts other than through this medium, as we no longer receive the *Grail* magazine.—Sincerely yours, George M. Reynolds, 1755 Hopkins Ave., Norwood, O.

A beautifully typed letter from Hazel McGarvey, 519 Niagara St., Windsor, Ontario, Canada, is printed herewith for your reading.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Please, may I come in? Mother has been taking *The Grail* for over a year, and I always read the Children's Corner, even though I really am not a small child any more. But then, the old saying is that we are as old as we feel, isn't it? And sometimes I don't feel very old.

I am 18 years old and do not go to school any more. Last fall I completed a course at a business college here in Windsor, and secured a position in a lawyer's office, where I am at present working. Besides my business education I have had four years in high

school, which entitles me to a certificate for Junior Matriculation. I also went to primary school, of course.

I attend the Immaculate Conception Church here in Windsor.

I was born in this city and have always lived here. In fact, I have only lived in two houses in my life, the one where we live now, and one about a block away, where I was born and where I lived until I was a little over a year old. I am the eldest of a family of five children, four of whom are girls. My mother and father are both living, but my father is at present in a sanatorium, suffering from a nervous breakdown.

I should love to have some "pen pals" about my own age. Please ask the Cornerites to write to me. I will try to be very prompt in answering them.—Sincerely yours, Hazel McGarvey, 519 Niagara Street, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

EXCHANGE SMILES

The young minister was a frequent visitor, and he seemed to be sweet on the eldest daughter, Grace. One day when he was a guest at dinner the little girl of the family began to chatter at the table, when her mother said: "Hush, Amy; Mr. Pinkle is going to ask grace."

"Well," said the child, "It's about time. We've been 'specting it for months, and so's she."

Genevieve, 4, wished her sister to read for her out of a brown-covered book. Sister was reading a story from a red-bound book. After making considerable disturbance, she appealed to mother, who said, "Helen is improving her mind. Let her read." Whereupon Genevieve answered, "Well, I don't see why she can't improve her mind out of the brown book!"

Teacher—What is a buttress?

Flossy—A buttress is a female butter-maker.

Abbey and Seminary

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of ordination for the class of '06 falls on June 9th. The class consisted of Father Alphonse Wendling and Richard Mattingly, of the Abbey; Fathers Frank Schaub, Nicholas Hassel, and Henry Verst, of the Diocese of Indianapolis; Anthony Hennekes, of Winona; George Angermaier, of Fort Wayne; Nicholas Niederpruem, of Wichita; and Henry Artmann, of La Crosse.—Father Richard will celebrate his jubilee privately at the Abbey on the day of the anniversary.

—On April 22, the Solemnity of St. Joseph, Bro. Raymond Kelly, solemnly pronounced his final vows after the offertory of the Conventual High Mass, which was celebrated by Father Prior. Father Abbot Coadjutor presided at the function.—We need more vocations to the brotherhood for the successful carrying on of our work—the training of boys and young men for the priesthood, and preparing future missionaries for both whites and Indians. While the priests of the community instruct in the classroom, and give spiritual aid, the help that the lay brothers give by caring for the temporal affairs of the community is indispensable for the successful carrying on of this great work. Besides this, we need brothers for our Indian missions. Does not the Savior whisper into the ear of many another, who is not enmeshed in the affairs of the world: "Come, follow me"? There is an opening at St. Meinrad Abbey for many another man who hears this lov-

ing invitation. Yes, come follow the Savior, cooperating with His ministers in the grand work of salvation. Follow Him in the practice of virtue, the spiritual life, sanctifying yourselves by prayer and work. "Take up my yoke" of poverty, of chastity, of obedience, of stability—firmness in your resolution, of conversion of manners—from worldly ways to those of a devout religious man. "My yoke is sweet, my burden light." This burden may be somewhat heavy in the present life, but, oh! how sweet it will be in eternity.

—Our St. Gregory Chancel Choir gave a sacred concert to a full house in the K. of C. auditorium at Indianapolis on Tuesday evening, April 21. It was estimated that more than 1,000 persons were present. The diocesan paper says that the choir scored a distinct triumph in its concert, which was given under the patronage of the Right Reverend Bishop.

—Father William Walker, O. S. B., who came back from Rome in Holy Week, left a fortnight later for the Sioux Indian mission at Stephan, S. D., where he will remain several months until another assistant can be appointed to help Father Justin in his arduous labors. Brother January, who labored for a number of years at that same mission when it was still young, but who returned to the Abbey about thirty years ago, accompanied F. William. After a visit of several days at the old mission, of which only one building remains from former days (fires and cyclones demolished the rest), he went on to Marty to assist the mission as tinner and impart instruction in canning vegetables and fruits for the winter months when such products are out of season. In this work Brother has had considerable experience at the Abbey. His canned goods are palatable as we can testify.

—Jasper Academy, which was recently admitted to membership in the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, is said to be the only Catholic preparatory school for boys in the Middle West that is so accredited. The Academy, once an integral part of St. Meinrad College, opened its doors at Jasper on September 12, 1889, two years after the disastrous fire at St. Meinrad. Fathers from the Abbey are still in charge.

—On April 27 we welcomed Brother Henry Hicking, who came from the Archabbey of Beuron in Germany to assist Brother Innocent in the tailorshop. Brother Henry learned his trade in Germany, which is "nuff said."—Lately five men came from the cities of Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore to try their vocation in the brotherhood. Several others are announced. We are greatly in need of more vocations to this important part of our monastic family. May God awaken in the hearts of many the desire to serve Him in the brotherhood.

—At the end of April Father Henry went to St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, for treatment. He returned a week later greatly improved.

—The St. Meinrad Alumni Association met in West Baden Hotel on April 28. Father Abbot Coadjutor represented the Abbey, while Fathers Columban Thuis and Anselm Schaaf of the Major and the Minor

Seminaries respectively were also in attendance. In the election of officers, which was one of the events of the meeting, Father John G. Bennett, class of '14, of the Fort Wayne Diocese, was chosen President; Father Charles Rahm, class of '11, of the Diocese of Louisville, Vice President; Father Joseph B. Tieman, class of '25, of Indianapolis, Treasurer.

—The nights of April 27 and 28 brought slight frosts, but no damage of any consequence resulted. The spring has been cool and pleasant, but a heat wave of short duration descended upon us on the 16th—a reminder that summer is just around the corner.

—Lake Placid with its enticing water and attractive shores gives genuine pleasure to young America. The rowboats are in constant demand and the silent depths invite to a plunge. But what is a source of pleasure to all may also be a source of danger to some. A near-tragedy was happily averted on April 28th when of the younger boys tumbled overboard. His companion to his own peril jumped in after him, and both were on the point of passing into eternity by the water route. Another boy on the near-by shore proved the hero of the occasion by plunging into the water and extricating the two struggling lads, who thus escaped wiser, no doubt, by the trying experience. This incident recalls one in a way similar to that related of St. Maur, who at the command of St. Benedict, drew the boy Placid out of the deep water into which he had fallen.

—The dress rehearsal of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* was given on the evening of May 1st. The individual characters of the tragedy, which was well portrayed, showed much painstaking effort on the part both of Father Victor and the students who participated. The interpretation was good, the costuming was well done. On May 3rd and 10th the play was presented in the College Auditorium to the public. While the house was not filled on either occasion, the audiences were appreciative.

—The Rev. John Frei, class of '07, pastor of Preshe, S. D., in the Rapid City (Lead) Diocese made us a short visit on May 3rd. He had been at Hot Springs, Ark., taking treatment for rheumatism, which yielded to Mother Nature's remedy.

—It was our pleasure to have with us also for a few days early in May Dom Adrian Eudine, O. S. B., formerly of Solesmes Abbey in France, but now of Farnborough Abbey in England. Dom Eudine, who collaborated with Dom Pothier, Dom Mocquereau, and other monks of Solesmes in restoring the ancient chant of the Church, has made seven trips across the Atlantic in the interest of plain chant. Numerous are the religious communities in the United States that have benefited by his services in this good work. He has engagements for the entire summer, after which he will return to England. In the East he found Protestants, especially of the Anglican persuasion, very eager to get first-hand information on the chant. During the past winter Dom Eudine, who is in his 69th year, underwent several operations, from which he has made a splendid recovery. He marveled at the excellent care given him by the Sisters at the hospital.

—The seminarians celebrated their May day on the 6th. As the weather was unfavorable to games out in the open, most of the time was spent indoors. The younger students chose May 20th as the day for their outing. "Monte Cassino" was the place selected.

—This month the printers have been busy tearing down the presses, cleaning the parts, and removing them to the new plant for reassembling. As moving the machinery and setting it up again requires considerable time, the output of the presses will naturally be somewhat retarded this month. A landscape gardener has put the immediate surroundings in good shape and thus made the new plant more attractive.

—Construction work on the new Minor Seminary was finally begun on May 18 when the first footings were poured on the west side adjoining the present building. If all goes without hitch, the framework of the entire structure should be completed within three months. A neat folder with an illustration of the building as it will look when completed will be gladly sent gratis to all who apply for one. We feel sure that many of our readers and other friends are interested in the new project, which will mean much for the Church and religion in the future.

—On June 7th the Rev. John H. Hildebrand, class of '86, will celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary as pastor of St. Boniface Church, Evansville. Simultaneously with this celebration will be the golden jubilee of the church itself and the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the Ursuline Sisters, who still have charge of the parochial school.

Book Notices

The Cherry Bough, A Nativity Play by Cathal O'Byrne (Irish News, Ltd., Belfast, Ireland; Price: 2 copies, \$1.00, post free) is a nice dramatic piece in one act, portraying an old Irish legend which makes St. Bride a witness of the Nativity of Christ. The play contains all the warmth and pathos which might be expected in a treatment of Christ's birth, together with the quaint touch of simplicity so common to Nativity plays. Some rather long and complicated monologues mar its practicability for stage use. V. D.

Pastoral Sociology Handbook is something novel and really capable of attracting and holding the attention of any parish priest, no matter how busy he may be. This timely brochure recently issued for the use of its members by the Co-op Parish Activities Service of Effingham, Illinois, represents the concentrated study of the pastor's needs in stimulating the active cooperation of his parishioners. Rev. George Nell, the director of the P. A. S. Service, is to be heartily commended on the fine arrangement and content of this work. The Service deserves to be more widely known among both clergy and laity than it is at present. The publication contains all the latest and most accurate information on the following topics: Film Slides for Parish Use, Glass Slides, Movies, Cameras, Picture Projectors, Screens, Dramatics, Recreation, Co-op Buying, Co-op Printing, Printer's Cuts, Management, Illustrated Religious Instruction service. We might say in this connection that Father Nell has perfected a most useful set of Illustrated Charts and Movie Slides to aid the teacher of Catechism. V. D.

Echoes of the Great War, by Mary A. McHugh, (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.20). Here are fifteen minutes of reading which might have either of two contrary effects upon the reader. The writer has been a teacher in New York City schools for forty-two years, and is therefore said to write with "mature judgment and ability to express the fine feeling in her thought of life's poignant values." The trouble is that this feeling is so patriotic to America that it engenders bitterness for other nations, or might do so if the reader is disposed to be so influenced. There are seven poems each prefaced by an explanatory note. The verses are well written and musical. J. P.

Three Ships Come Sailing, by Monica Selwin-Tait. (Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco. Price, \$2.00; Postage 15¢.) This is an appropriate title for the story of three souls—all storm-tossed on the sea of life—bound for port. The numerous prominent characters give the readers the impression that the plot is complex but, in reality, the courses of the three "ships" are steered almost parallel to one another, touching at points but hardly crossing. That the author is a woman is evident throughout. No man is likely to enjoy the story very much. If the reader is seeking edification in the first chapters, she (he) may expect a disappointment, for the story opens at a point where the "ships" are most unhappily tossed on the billows of a reckless life. The turning point of the story is the touching death scene of a child of twelve years, unwanted by his parents and cared for by a motherly aunt. As the story develops, there is much to edify. A convent and its chapel play an important rôle in the story. J. P.

Southern Melodies, by Fannie E. Hamilton, (published by the Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50) is a collection of verses of little merit from a literary point of view. The subjects chosen are poetic but the treatment is not what the reader expects to find in so attractive a cover. One not too critical will enjoy many of the poems but the looseness of rhyme and meter cannot but make itself felt even to the least observant reader. J. P.

Radio Talks, broadcast from the choir loft of St. Mary's Cathedral (Wichita), have now been issued in pamphlet form under the auspices of the K. of C. Catholic Action Committee (307 East Central Ave., Wichita, Kansas). Four talks make up the booklet, which is of convenient size for church racks: "The Catholic Church"—an introductory talk, by Bishop Schwertner, and "Cordial Relations Between Catholics and non-Catholics," "The Divinity of Christ," "Is the Pope Coming to America?" by Mgr. Wm. M. Farrell.

It's Not Worth it—An Adventure that Failed, by Neil Boyton, S. J., (price, 5¢), is a brief story with a good moral suitable for boys.—*Captain of His Soul*—The Life of Francis Cullivan, S. J., a young Jesuit scholastic, whose edifying life came to a close during the school year '30-'31. (Price, 10¢.) There are at all times in the garden of the Church rare flowers which are nourished by the dews of prayer and the sacraments. (The Queen's Work, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.)

Manual of Religious Vacation Schools (Rural Life Bureau, N. C. W. C., 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.; price, 10¢) is a booklet of 64 pages that should prove very helpful in the organizing and carrying on of religious vacation schools for the children of small parishes where it is impossible to maintain parochial schools.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XI.—THE QUEST FOR A JOB

"FIND anything?" asked Mrs. Gallagher as Madeline came into the hall of her boarding house.

"No ma'am," replied the girl dejectedly, as she took off her hat.

"Well, of course, jobs are rather hard to find just now," replied the landlady, "but there's no need to be downhearted. You must be persistent. I think I still have two or three names up my sleeve. I might let you have. Now, I don't suppose you'd want to be an actress?"

"Oh no; I haven't any ambition in that line. Besides, I've always heard that actresses weren't very good."

"Oh, I don't know; I've a cousin on the stage, and she's a reg'lar churchgoer. I was thinkin' she could speak a word for ye."

"Oh no, thank you; I don't believe I'd want to be an actress anyway. My ambitions are for an office job; I want to work up in the business world."

"Ye want to be a key-puncher, eh? But ye don't know anything about typewritin' do ye?"

"No; that's just the trouble. I might have obtained a job to-day if I had. But I intend learning it just as soon as I can save up enough money to go to commercial school."

"Yes, but in the meantime, you'll have to eat, and, really, you ought to have some up-to-date clothes." Mrs. Gallagher was eyeing critically Madeline's clothes.

"Clothes! Why I just made this dress not long ago."

"Yes? Well, you'll pardon me—I'm only trying to help you—this dress is real pretty, but it lacks something—it's not smart and citylike." Madeline looked the dress over with hurt eyes.

"Don't you think so? It's my best dress, and I thought it was quite smart and dressy."

"That's just it; it doesn't look like a working dress. It looks too partylike. What you want is a nice plain dark crepe dress, or a skirt and silk blouse. But of course, it's no use talking about it until you get some money to go shopping."

"Well, I have some money, but really, I wouldn't

like to waste it, as long as I have all those other dresses."

"You're right; you might need it all for your board and keep until you find a position. Now, how would you like to be a waitress in a restaurant? One of my best friends is cashier at the Golden Grill. I could give you a letter to her."

"Oh, thank you; you are so kind to me. I will do anything, anything, Mrs. Gallagher. I would even wash dishes for awhile, until I could work up to something higher." Mrs. Gallagher eyed her with approval.

"That's the way to talk; I believe you have lots of get-up in you, my dear. At least you're not stuck-up; I like to help people like that. Now, in case Bertie shouldn't be able to place you at the Golden Grill, there's Elsie Marsh at Solomon Freund's Garment Salon. There's plenty of work there, from ripping, and sewing on buttons, to sweeping up trimmin's and delivering gowns out to the rich folks in the West End. If you're industrious, they'll soon put you on regular sewing and teach you all the tricks. There's most always vacancies there, because the girls are always leaving. He don't pay so well, Solomon don't, but it's better than nothing, for a start. Now my cousin, Elsie Marsh, is forelady there; he's got to pay her good, or she'd leave, and it ain't so easy getting a good forelady, you know."

"Thank you so much for the addresses, Mrs. Gallagher; I certainly do appreciate your kindness to me, a stranger."

"Well," replied the lady, "it's worth something to me to have you working and paying your rent. Empty rooms don't bring in anything, and I can't afford to keep non-paying boarders either." Madeline thanked her again and then went up to her room to freshen up for dinner. Hardly had she washed her face and hands, and begun to comb out her thick brown curls, but Mrs. Gallagher called up the stairs.

"Oh, Miss Edgeworth! phone call for you!" Phone call! thought Madeline. Who on earth? She had given no one the phone number because she did not know it. But she had given Mrs. Gallagher's name and address and they doubtless looked it up in the book. Perhaps it was a job! It could not possibly be anything else, she told herself, so, with wings on her feet, she ran down the stairs and took up the receiver.

"Hello?—Yes, this is Miss Edgeworth."

"This is Mr. Walker of the Darlington Department

Store." He cleared his throat. "Ah—you were here this afternoon asking about a position."

"Yes sir, I was. What is it?"

"Well, after you left, I received a report from one of our managers that there is a vacancy down in our chinaware department. I would like to talk to you about it."

"Oh surely; I'll be right down."

"Well—ah, you see, we close at five, and you could hardly make it down here before that time. So you will have to come down to my apartment. Do you think you could be there at, say, seven o'clock?"

"Oh certainly," replied Madeline eagerly. "Any time you say." There was a sound like lazy, subdued laughter at the other end.

"Very well, then. My address is, Suite 32, Kenwood Arms Apartment, Forty-Second Avenue and Lincoln Place. You'll be there without fail? I've broken a very important engagement in order to interview you."

"Oh, I'll most certainly be there. I'll not disappoint you, sir. I'm sorry about the engagement."

"Oh, that's entirely all right. Business before pleasure, you know." Madeline put down the receiver, thinking that here would be a very pleasant employer indeed, and she could not help but feel that she must have made a very good impression on him, to have him interviewing her after business hours.

"A call for a job already?" asked Mrs. Gallagher inquisitively, after Madeline had put down the receiver.

"Yes; isn't it lucky? Mr. Walker of the Darling-ton Department Store phoned that one of their sales-ladies has left, and I am to have the position. It's in the chinaware department."

"Well, that's nice. He wants you to come down to work to-morrow morning, eh?"

"No; I'm to see him at his apartment to-night. He wants to talk to me about it." Mrs. Gallagher knitted her brows.

"His apartment!" She looked as though she would have liked to say a lot about it, but all she said was, "Don't let him get fresh with you."

"Oh, this is purely a business interview, Mrs. Gallagher."

"I see," replied the lady, raising her eyebrows and walking away with a dubious look upon her face. As for Madeline, she thought the landlady a bit absurd. Besides, she felt sure she could take care of herself; no one had ever tried to be "fresh" with her before in her life, and she felt sure that girls who were thus treated gave the men plenty of encouragement. Besides, what would a man of Mr. Walker's standing want of her, a poor country girl? Doubtless he could have the friendship of plenty of fine girls in his own class.

Filled with rainbow visions, Madeline ate her dinner, and was glad that it was 6:30 when it was over, and that she need not wait any longer. So she put on her hat and took up her purse, having received directions as to the best manner of reaching the Apartment, and started off. Half an hour later, she was entering a tall, palatial skyscraper of a building, with "Kenwood

Arms" inscribed on a huge bronze shield at the pretentious marble entrance. A very blasé, black negro in livery arose from a chair within to open the door for her, but having sized her up from head to foot, blocked her way.

"De maids' entrance is on Forty-Second Street, Miss," he announced, superciliously, still eyeing her from head to heels.

"But I'm not a maid. I've an appointment with a gentleman here. Where is Suite, 32, please?" The fellow shrugged and raised his eyebrows, as much as to say, there is no accounting for some peoples' taste in friends.

"Fo'th floor, Miss," he replied, standing aside for her to pass. The elevator was empty, and as she entered, the boy kept making comical remarks to the starter, casting sundry glances at Madeline, as if for her approval. But she put on all her dignity and gazed straight before her. A maid on the fourth floor showed her where Suite 32 was, and she knocked on the door. It was promptly opened by Mr. Walker himself, all smiles and very affable.

"Well, Miss Edgeworth; right on the dot, aren't you? I like prompt people. Won't you come in?"

"Good evening, sir," she said, suddenly awed by the splendor of the rooms she was entering. Her feet sank deeply into the rug as he led her to a luxurious davenport and begged her to be seated. All about the apartment was evidence of the utmost luxury, and the air was overpowering with the sweetness from bowls and vases of roses and other fragrant blossoms placed in various parts of the long room. She tried not to show her awe and wonder.

"Like the place?" he asked, seating himself beside her.

"Oh, it is beautiful! It must be lovely to live in a place like this all the time."

"Oh yes, it's quite nice. Only, I don't spend a great deal of time here; I'm out most of the time—except of course, when I'm entertaining."

"Yes," she replied, waiting for him to begin about the saleslady job. But instead of talking, a silence fell, while he looked her over critically. She blushed, and felt out of place. "Now, about this position, Mr. Walker," she began, wishing to have it over with quickly. But he waved a hand.

"Need we talk of it at once? I am about to have dinner; won't you join me? Then we can talk about it at leisure."

"Thank you, but I've already had my supper," she replied demurely. He quickly touched a buzzer and the butler appeared.

"Serve the dinner, Jamieson," he ordered.

"Very well, sir; thank you, sir." Madeline was very ill at ease.

"Oh, but, Mr. Walker, I don't like to intrude. If you'll just tell me what time to come down to-morrow morning—" For answer he arose, bowed, and took her arm, compelling her to rise.

"Won't you take off your hat? Come now, I insist.

Here; let me take it off for you. There's a mirror, if you want to glance at your hair."

"But, Mr. Walker, I—"

"No if's and but's now; ready? Come along then. A bite of dinner won't hurt you even if you have eaten." And taking her arm, he led her into the sumptuously appointed dining room, where a mahogany table stood, set for two, all resplendent in silver and crystal and delicate porcelain. The butler began to serve at once. Madeline was not hungry, having eaten heartily at her boarding house, so she merely nibbled at everything.

"You see," said Mr. Walker, as they approached the meat course, "I always like to interview my employees at leisure. I like to make them feel at ease, so they will confide in me and feel that I am working for their good. Now, you don't mind if I ask a few questions? It is customary, you know."

"Oh no, of course not," replied Madeline, noting that the butler filled her glass with wine, as well as Mr. Walker's.

"Now, first of all," continued the man, "you are, I presume, living with your parents?"

"Oh no, sir; my parents are both dead. I am boarding here."

"I see; but you were born here, in this city?"

"No; I was born in Appleton, Arkansas; after my mother died, I came on to my uncle's in Turner-ville, Pa., but now he has died too, so I came here—"

"To seek your fortune, eh? Rather tough, to have everyone die, isn't it?" He was so polite and affable that Madeline began to feel more at ease.

"Yes; and I was not treated very well in Turner-ville; that was partly why I came on to the city." Mr. Walker was all interest.

"Why was that? Somebody walk roughshod over you?"

"Well, you see, it was this way; I kept house for Uncle, and there was a widow who knew him for years. She finally persuaded Uncle to marry her, and then she ran him a race with his money—fitting up the house in the height of style and spending money right and left. He died of heart failure. She even had him write a will in her favor, and after the funeral, she politely showed me the door."

"Well! Gave you the gate, eh? She was rather a clever person, wasn't she. Miss Edgeworth, you aren't drinking your wine. Do drink it; it is a very old, rare vintage. You'll like it."

"No, thank you, Mr. Walker. I have never tasted wine in my life."

"Well, now is a good time to begin." She noticed that he drank freely, and that as often as he emptied his glass, the butler refilled it.

"No; no one in our family ever drank intoxicants. I'm sure my mother wouldn't want me to."

"Now, that is rather foolish, isn't it? There's no harm in taking a glass of wine now and then. Please take a little, just to please me." She lifted the glass to her lips, barely tasted it, and set it down again.

"I had better not. I am afraid it might make me ill."

"Very well then, if you'd rather not. So you haven't any other relatives living?"

"None that I know of."

"And you are boarding, you say?"

"Yes; with Mrs. Gallagher at the address I gave you." And so he asked all that he desired to know, and when the lengthy dinner was over, Madeline went to get her hat.

"Oh, please don't be in a hurry," protested Mr. Walker. "Sit down awhile; it's early. I haven't a thing to do all evening, so we may as well talk."

"Well, really I—" began Madeline, but he took her arm and led her again to the davenport.

"You see, as long as you are going to work for us, we may as well become better acquainted," he explained.

"You are very kind to me, a stranger. Do you treat all your prospective employees so nice?" she laughed.

"Well, it just happened, you see, that I found out about that vacancy in our chinaware department late this afternoon—too late, in fact, to have you come down to the office before closing time. So I thought it just as well to have you here."

"I see; well, I must thank you for a nice evening, but I mustn't stay too long, or I might lose my way. I'm not so well acquainted with the streets, you know." He waved his lighted cigarette.

"Oh, don't let that worry you. I'll drive you home, if that's all that's worrying you."

"But really, I couldn't allow you—"

"Not a word, not a word, Miss Edgeworth. I realize you are a stranger here, and for that reason, we must be extra nice to you. Of course, I'll admit, I don't invite all my employees here, but, if you'll pardon me, you seem an extraordinarily clever girl, and I don't mind telling you that if you please me, your promotion will be rapid."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Walker. I'll surely try to merit your approval. I'll work very, very hard indeed." He bowed.

"To tell you the truth," he continued, slyly putting his arm around her shoulder across the top of the davenport and allowing his fingers to press ever so gently, "I think you are much too clever a girl to be in the chinaware department. But that will be just a start. I'll see that as soon as a higher vacancy occurs, you will get it. But of course, you must—ah, aim to please, you know, and—do whatever I say."

"Oh, yes, of course; I understand. I am going to work very hard, and perhaps if I do well, there might be a chance for me in your office. Do you think that would be possible?"

"Whhhhy!" he laughed ingratiatingly. "That is very, very possible. I would get you in there now, only there isn't a vacancy just at present."

"Because, you see," continued Madeline earnestly, "my ambition is to rise high in the business world and make something of myself."

"A very laudable ambition—for a pretty girl like you." Here a clock chimed the hour of nine, and

Madeline quickly arose. The last remark was lost upon her while she was counting the strokes.

"Oh, I must be going! I must get home to bed, so I may be on time in the morning." This time he did not restrain her, but drove her home.

(To be continued)

The Feast of the Sacred Heart

Although St. Margaret Mary Alacoque lived at the Convent of Paray le Monial and was favored by four apparitions of our Lord showing His adorable Heart, between the years 1671 and 1690, yet it was not until 1765 that the Holy See granted a special feast, Mass and Office of the Sacred Heart. But this was granted for the time being, to Rome and Poland alone. Innocent XIII, (1691-1700) as well as Benedict XIII (1724-1730) both opposed the establishment of a feast of the Sacred Heart for the universal Church. The objections made at the time against the devotion were, that it savored of Nestorianism; that its acceptance would give rise to many scandals and unreasonable requests; that it made the heart the source of all virtues and affections and the center of all internal pleasures and pains; finally, that the holiness of St. Margaret Mary was still pending. Strange indeed that the saintliness so evident to her sisters in religion did not obtain beatification for her until the year 1864!

Then again a long time elapsed until her canonization in 1921. But notwithstanding all the opposition of certain theologians and especially of the Jansenists, the devotion to the Sacred Heart continued to spread, as our Lord predicted to St. Margaret that it would. But Holy Church always moves slowly and with extreme care in such matters, and finally, in 1899, Pope Leo XIII consecrated the whole world to the Sacred Heart. Our Lord had won at last!

Father de la Colombiere, a devout Jesuit, and St. Margaret Mary's confessor, was the first to popularize the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It was he who directed her, when she made the marvelous revelations of her apparitions, according to our Lord's commands. He has himself been beatified but recently. After Leo XIII consecrated mankind to the Divine Heart, many bishops likewise consecrated their dioceses; and now the act of consecrating families to the Sacred Heart is proposed to Christian souls as a most salutary practice.

The consecration of the family to the Sacred Heart is the act whereby the father and mother offer themselves and their children to the Heart of Jesus in order to express their resolution of remaining closely united to Him, of belonging to His Sacred Heart perpetually and entirely, and of devoting themselves generously to its service. This may be appropriately done on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, on any First Friday, or in fact, any day the family chooses, although the feast day—which falls on June 12th this year—is very often chosen, and in token of remembrance, a nicely engraved Act of Consecration is usually signed by the father, mother, and family, framed, and hung in a prominent place in the home. We all know the ten promises of

the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary, and one of them is, that the home that does honor to this Heart will be richly showered with blessings.

Who Plants a Tree

Who plants a tree by his own home door,
Or in other place, really plants much more
Than a tree.

He is planting joy because the tree
A joy to others will surely be!

—Alice Crowell Hoffman.

Who has not loved the sound of the wind in the trees—in the forest, in the city park, or even the row along the sidewalk down the street! Trees have voices all their own; in spring when the first tender, half-blown leaves wave in newborn joy, the wind whispers through them softly; and the sound of the spring rain—patter, patter upon the little young leaves outside, while within the house there is warmth and light and coziness—what a lovely sound it is! Then in summer, when the sun's hot breath has done its utmost to stifle every living thing, and inky-dark clouds appear in the southwest, the trees, bearing leaves now full-grown and sturdy, give tongue with the first gust of welcome cooling breeze; what a sound it is, when the wild gale, lashing furiously at the heat wave, brings pelting rain, bearing relief and cool breezes and drink to the parched earth. What a beautiful sound the trees have in a summer gale!

Then in autumn, when their work of providing umbrage for mankind is done, what a comforting sound the mournful gale as, passing through the frost-kissed leaves of the great trees! Again we are within doors, thinking how comfortable we are, before the cozy fire, while outside the sad winds blow and sweep and tear at the leaves of the faithful trees, until in the morning they are knee-deep at our doors, and we must spend days cleaning them up, until they all have fallen! But who, that loves trees, cares about that trifling labor? As well grumble at the apples because they are so ripe, they fall; or the plums or cherries. We cannot eat the leaves, but we ought to be grateful to them for the kindly shade they have provided for us during the summer's merciless heat.

There is a solemnity, a repose about the great trees, and their restless, ceaseless stirring is full of mystery. Faithful sentinels, we more often than not take them for granted, and, instead of feeling affection for them, grumble because their falling leaves mess up our prim and perfect lawns and white walks.

But, "he who plants a tree," as the poet sings, is a benefactor to mankind, for the tree he plants will outlive him, and flourish in other generations, bestowing its kindly blessings impartially to all and sundry. Trees make beautiful streets; they take away that painful formality with which man always surrounds his habitation. Trees are blessings from a beneficent Creator; let the disdainful go to the desert, or to the flat prairies of the West in the blazing sun, and they

will learn to appreciate—nay, long fervently for—the shade of a single tree!

Household Hints

When washing chamois gloves, after rinsing, squeeze well between clean dry cloths, then holding at the cuff, shake out well and blow into them, letting them take natural shape. Hang on line at the seam until half dry, then take down and rub between hands to soften. Place on radiator or in the sun to finish drying, rubbing between hands every now and then so they will not stiffen.

For good coffee, the pot must be scrupulously clean. Boil and scrub out once a week with soda, and empty and rinse well every day.

When packing away summer or winter clothing that is white, wrap in old sheet or pillow case that has been dipped into strong blueing. This will prevent clothing from turning yellow.

Recipes

VIENNA APPLE STRUDELS: Make dough of 2½ cups flour, 2 tablespoons oil or butter, 6 tablespoons water, 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon vinegar, a pinch of salt. Mix the dough and knead with the hands until it does not stick. Then cover with a warm dish for half an hour. Then place a large, well-floured cloth on the table, place the dough upon it and pull it with the hands until it is as thin as paper. Spread the entire dough with sliced apples, raisins and a cup of toasted breadcrumbs. Dot with butter all over, sprinkle with sugar, and taking end of cloth, roll up the dough. Cut into suitable lengths to fit pans and bake for about 20 minutes or ¼ hour. Brush top with melted butter and beaten egg. Serve hot with powdered sugar on top.

CREAM CHEESE PATTIES: Make patty shells of biscuit dough and fill with the following: One jar dairy cottage cheese mixed with chopped green pepper, sweet pickle, chopped carrot, chopped celery and 1/3 teaspoon salt. Top with a stuffed olive and sprinkle with paprika.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 83)

now, under Father Stephen's leadership! St. Scholastica's day was celebrated with great solemnity at Marty. Father Abbot was seated in the sanctuary during the Solemn Mass, which was celebrated by Father Speyer, (who hails from a neighboring mission) assisted by Fathers Edward and Sylvester as deacon and subdeacon. Father Stephen presided at the organ.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

We print a picture of Father Damian Preske, O. S. B., Father Ambrose's new assistant. Doubtless our readers will be pleased to make his acquaintance—at least pictorially. He comes to his new work with great enthusiasm and is a great humorist. Where

others would see only discomfort and discouragement, he finds cause for merriment. It will be noted that the greater hardships missionaries must undergo, the merrier they are.

Father Damian writes: "When Father Ambrose first took me around to visit his parishioners, it was quite an initiation for me. We visited the \$40,000 (?) mansions of our Indians, but the first thing I found out was, that the doors were all undersized to my stature; I did a great deal of stumbling over warped thresholds, knocking my head against low roofs, and all but 'getting hung' by the neck and throat on protruding rafters.

"Sometime after Easter, about forty of my youngsters in the Government school at Fort Totten will make their First Holy Communion. These kiddies age from 8 to 11. We could use some prayer books and rosaries. The piano arrived safely, though it was a little out of tune, doubtless caused by its long journey. The Sister keeps it polished and in good shape. It is now in the parlor, where she practices with the children for songs, entertainments, etc. Another piano has been offered us if we will come and get it—200 miles away. It is intended for the recreation room, so we are watching for good weather and good roads."

(We will continue Father Damian's letter next time.)

THOSE WHO SENT TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, MEDALS, ETC.

Mrs. Buckley, Brooklyn; Mrs. A. Vielbig, Brooklyn; Mrs. Wm. Whitfield, Rochester, N. Y.; Elizabeth Schmid, N. Y. C.; Mary Panzullo, Phila.; N. Creighton, Detroit; E. Andrews, Detroit; Jennie Hayden, Waterbury, Conn.; J. Kennedy, Brooklyn; Mayme Pfeiffer, Buffalo; Miss T. Spengler, Elmont, L. I.; A. L. Dinneen, S. Boston; Donor, Buffalo; A. Marchewitz, Dearborn, Mich.; T. Olschefske, Meriden, Conn.; M. C. Walsh, N. Y. C.; G. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans; T. J. Lyons, Yonkers, N. Y.; M. T. Clifford, Worcester; Mrs. Geo. Wolf, Brooklyn; Mrs. Marg. Poos, Chicago; Mrs. B. Guentner, Willvale, Pa.; Mrs. E. J. Schmaeling, Lynbrook, L. I.; Mrs. Mary Campbell, Dorchester, Mass.

BUY OUR INDIAN BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Adult moccasins, (give length of foot in inches) \$3.00. Beautiful, solid-beaded, baby moccasins, 75c; doll moccasins, 25c. War club with beaded handle and stone head, \$2.00; necklaces, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Handbags, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$3.00. Black rose beads, 50c (perfumed); solid beaded squaw headband, \$2.00. Embroidery: Embroidered scarves, \$2.00; one pair emb. baby rompers, 3-year-old size, 75c, white. 54-inch emb. tablecloth and six napkins, \$3.00. Emb. 36-inch table cloth and four napkins, \$2.00. Tea towels, emb., 25c each. Silverware holders, emb., lined in cotton flannel, 75c each. Soiled-handkerchief bags, 35c each. Hand-painted, black-silk Spanish scarf, edged in black fringe, \$1.00. Emb. cushion top, edged with fringe, 50c. Fancy, crocheted-edge handkerchiefs, 25c each. Tea aprons, 50c; one nursery apron, 50c.

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Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Mr. R.—“Well, Doctor, I hope you will tell us something about our teeth that will be good for us. When I was a boy you would never hear about a dentist. You just had the toothache and that was all there was to it. Many a night I went to bed with a hot plate to my cheek, but now it is the dentist, the dentist, before the teeth begin aching even.”

Dr. H.—“How many teeth have you left, Mr. Rackham?”

Mr. R.—“I haven't one at all left, and since I got used to the shop teeth I am glad of it. They were nothing but trouble from the time I cut the first one till the last was drawn.”

Dr. H.—“Now Mr. R. has given us a very usual history of teeth. First, aching, then, neglect, and, lastly, loss. The aching is the signal for help. I told you long ago that pain was a good friend. It is the watchman that gives the signal that something is wrong, and he is seldom asleep at his post. It is not surprising that we have so much trouble with our teeth, for we never try to study them or get acquainted with them.”

Mr. R.—“Study them! Get acquainted with them! —We know all we want to about them.”

Dr. H.—“Let us see then how much you know. How many teeth had you to begin with?”

Mr. R.—“I caught you there Doctor. I had none at all. Ha! ha!”

Dr. H.—“You did catch me all right, but can you tell me how many teeth is a man supposed to have?”

Mr. R.—“How should I know? Have I nothing to do but sit down and count my teeth?”

Dr. H.—“Do you know the names of any of them?”

Mr. R.—“Teeth never have any names. Maybe you put names on yours and call them when you want them to chew—Jack, and Sam, and Sissy.”

Dr. H.—“But teeth really have names. Have you ever heard of eye teeth and wisdom teeth, and bicuspid, and tricuspid?”

Mr. R.—“I did hear these words, but they did not make me think of teeth.”

Dr. H.—“Now you see there are some things we might easily learn about teeth. You all have seen a first tooth. Very few men or women forget their babies' first tooth—a little pearly white structure showing against the delicate pink of the gums. It is a pearl of great price and few would not be willing to put time and thought and money into the matter of bringing a full set of such teeth to perfection, so that when the child would come of age he would have two perfect rows of them.

“You look at his delicate little hand and you would sacrifice much before you would see the fingers bent and twisted and at last amputated, and some kind of a steel hook strapped on the arm that would do the work of the hand in a rough way, and yet the loss of a hand is perhaps not so much of a handicap to a man as the

loss of his teeth, nor do the shop teeth serve him much better than the steel hook.”

Mr. R.—“Why I never thought of it like that. How could the loss of his teeth do him as much harm as the loss of a hand? Why, that's a terrible thing.”

Dr. H.—“And yet it is a fact. Decaying or infected teeth are often the source of most serious trouble even death, besides the pain and discomfort they cause.”

Mr. R.—“Well now, when you talk of it, I heard of a man that was crippled with rheumatism, so that he could not stir hand or foot, and the doctors found it was all brought about by bad teeth, and there was another woman, and she had heart trouble, and they said that it was poison from her bad teeth affected her heart. That makes a person think differently about teeth.”

Dr. H.—“I have a tooth here in my pocket and we will take a look at it. It is one from the front of the mouth, and you see it is shaped a little like a chisel. It is called an incisor or cutting tooth, because its use is to bite or cut off the food, but, as you see, it would not serve the purpose of chewing at all, though chewing is supposed to be what teeth are for. This rougher looking part is the root which is embedded in cells of bone that are really part of the jaw, and the upper part is a hard white substance. This white surface covers what we call the tooth pulp. This pulp contains nerves and blood vessels, and it is there that the watchman ‘Pain’ resides. He warns us when something happens to the hard white structure which is the armor and shield of the tooth. It may be attacked by some enemy in the mouth that has softened it and worn it down so that the wall has become thinned and the sensitive pulp is irritated by heat or cold, or perhaps sweets or acids from the mouth soaking through.”

Mr. R.—“I can see that. I can just see how it happens. Now will you go on and tell us how it happens that the hard white surface gets worn. What is it made of. Is it the food that wears it away, or do we wear it away chewing?”

Dr. H.—“I will be very glad to do that, but, as we are near the end of this talk, I think it better to leave the answering of these questions until the next time. In the meantime you might look up how many teeth a person is supposed to have, and how many are chisel teeth like this one and how many are molars or grinders like this big one with three roots.”

Mr. R.—“We will do that, and it beats all how a person can get so interested in things like teeth.”

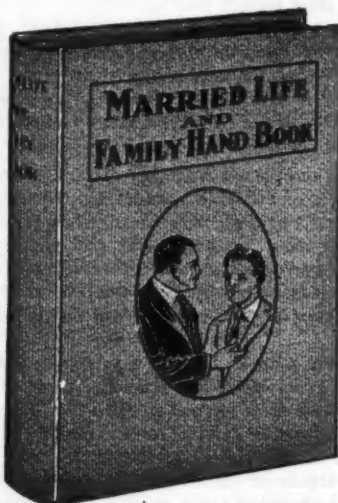
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To seek the praise of humility is not the virtue but rather the subversion of humility.—St. Bernard.

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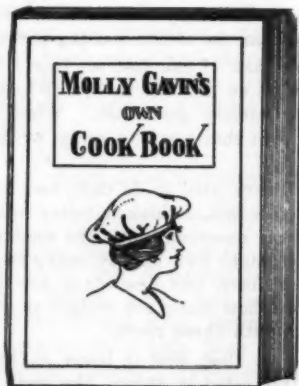
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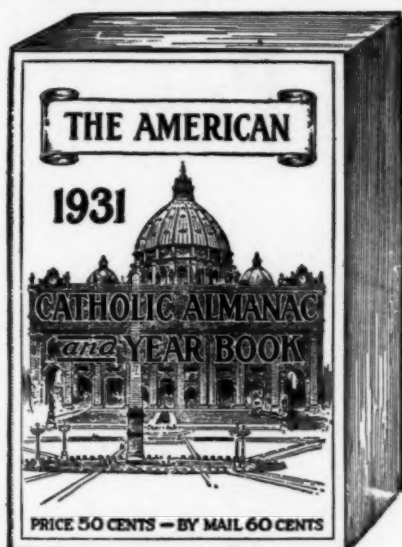
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